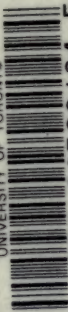


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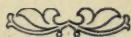


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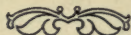
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FOREWORD

All the sketches contained in this volume are reprinted from *The Tatler*. They have been culled at random, and no definite order has been adhered to. The only alterations made in the text have been omissions of a line or two here and there, referring usually to matters not included in this volume. They are very few in number. The punctuation has been modernized throughout.

The first number of *The Tatler* is dated April 12, 1709; the last (No. 271), January 2, 1711. It was issued three times a week, and was succeeded on March 1, 1711, by *The Spectator*.

At the time when he edited *The Tatler* Steele was living in Shire (or Sheer) Lane—a street that extended between Carey Street and the Strand, and ran roughly parallel to Chancery Lane. Its site is now covered by the Law Courts. It emerged in

the Strand close to Temple Bar. In Shire Lane stood the Trumpet Inn, claimed as the resort of the Kit-Cat Club.

White's Chocolate-house (from which so many of the *Tatler* essays are dated) was, at the time when the *Tatler* appeared, on the west side of St. James's Street, three doors below St. James's Place. It was burnt down in 1733, and its site is now occupied by Arthur's Club. Will's Coffee-house is now No. 1, Bow Street, Covent Garden (at the corner of Russell Street). The Grecian Coffee-house was in Devereux Court, Strand, hard by Temple Bar. The building is now known as "Grecian Chambers."

In shape, the *Tatler* was a single sheet, printed on both sides. The first four numbers were given free, and the price was then fixed at a penny, which was afterwards doubled.



CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------|------|
| Toasts | 1 |
| Prudes and Coquets | 44 |
| Esquires | 50 |
| Gentlemen | 55 |
| Pretty Fellows | 58 |
| Rakes | 62 |
| Coxcombs | 66 |
| Prigs and Beaux | 74 |
| Fops and Cits | 84 |
| Firemen | 93 |
| Fellows | 97 |
| Oglers | 99 |
| The Critic | 105 |
| Insipids | 110 |
| Sharpers | 114 |
| The Man of Fashion | 136 |
| Snuffers | 141 |
| Swearers | 145 |
| Whetters | 150 |

| | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------|------|
| Clubmen | 154 |
| The Politician | 166 |
| The Freethinker | 177 |
| The Soldier | 179 |
| The Boatswain | 182 |
| The Poet | 185 |
| The Author | 192 |
| Drums, Lutes and Trumpets | 195 |
| Flutes, Kits and Virginals | 203 |
| Tom Folio | 211 |
| Dr. Young | 217 |
| The Shilling | 223 |
| Dinnertime | 229 |
| Beef and Kickshaws | 234 |
| Chanticleer | 240 |
| The Lottery | 246 |
| The Virtuoso | 252 |



TOASTS

White's Chocolate-house,

June 2, 1709.

TO know what a *Toast* is in the country gives as much perplexity as she herself does in town; and indeed, the learned differ very much upon the original of this word and the acceptation of it among the Moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and cheerful import. A Toast in a cold morning, heightened by nutmeg and sweetened with sugar, has for many ages been given to our rural dispensers of justice before they entered upon causes, and has been of great and politic use to take off the severity of their sentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one ill-effect, that it inclines those who use it immoderately to speak *Latin*, to the admiration rather than information of an audience.

This application of a Toast makes it very obvious that the word may, without a metaphor, be understood as an apt name for a thing which raises us in the most sovereign degree. But many of the Wits of the last Age will assert that the word in its

present sense was known among them in their youth, and had its rise from an accident at the town of *Bath* in the reign of King *Charles* the Second.

It happened that on a public day a celebrated beauty of those times was in the *Cross Bath*, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half fuddled who offered to jump in, and swore though he liked not the Liquor he would have the Toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a *Toast*.

Though this Institution had so trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal Order; and that happy virgin who is received and drank to at their meetings has no more to do in this life but to judge and accept of the first good offer. The manner of her Inauguration is much like that of the choice of a Doge in *Venice*: it is performed by balloting; and when she is so chosen she reigns indisputably for that ensuing year; but must be elected anew to prolong her empire a moment beyond it.

When she is regularly chosen, her name is written with a diamond on a drinking-glass. The hieroglyphic of the diamond is to show her that her value is imaginary;

and that of the glass to acquaint her that her condition is frail and depends on the hand which holds her. This wise design admonishes her neither to over-rate nor depreciate her charms; as well considering and applying that it is perfectly according to the humour and taste of the company whether the Toast is eaten, or left as an offal.

The foremost of the whole rank of Toasts, and the most indisputed in their present empire, are Mrs. *Gatty* and Mrs. *Frontlet*: the first an agreeable, the second an awful Beauty. These ladies are perfect friends, out of a knowledge that their perfections are too different to stand in competition. He that likes *Gatty* can have no relish for so solemn a creature as *Frontlet*; and an admirer of *Frontlet* will call *Gatty* a May-pole Girl. *Gatty* for ever smiles upon you; and *Frontlet* disdains to see you smile. *Gatty's* love is a shining quick flame; *Frontlet's* a slow wasting fire. *Gatty* likes the man that diverts her; *Frontlet* him who adores her. *Gatty* always improves the soil in which she travels; *Frontlet* lays waste the country. *Gatty* does not only smile, but laughs at her lover; *Frontlet* not only looks serious, but frowns at him. All the Men of Wit (and Coxcombs their followers) are professed servants of *Gatty*: the Politicians and Pretenders give solemn worship to

Frontlet. Their reign will be best judged of by its duration. *Frontlet* will never be chosen more ; and *Gatty* is a Toast for life.

*From my own Apartment,
November 7, 1709.*

I WAS very much surprised this evening with a visit from one of the top Toasts of the town, who came privately in a chair, and bolted into my room while I was reading a chapter of *Agrippa* upon the occult sciences ; but as she entered with all the air and bloom that Nature ever bestowed on Woman, I threw down the Conjuror and met the Charmer.

I had no sooner placed her at my right hand by the fire but she opened to me the reason of her visit.

"Mr. *Bickerstaff*," said the fine creature, "I have been your correspondent some time, though I never saw you before ; I have writ by the name of *Maria*. You have told me, you were too far gone in life to think of Love ; therefore I am answered as to the passion I spoke of, and," continued she smiling, "I will not stay till you grow young again, as you men never fail to do in your dotage, but am come to consult you about disposing of myself to another.

"My person you see ; my fortune is very considerable ; but I am at present under

much perplexity how to act in a great conjuncture. I have two lovers, *Crassus* and *Lorio*: *Crassus* is prodigiously rich but has no one distinguishing quality; though at the same time he is not remarkable on the defective side. *Lorio* has travelled, is well-bred, pleasant in discourse, discreet in his conduct, agreeable in his person; and with all this he has a competency of fortune without superfluity. When I consider *Lorio*, my mind is filled with an idea of the great satisfactions of a pleasant conversation. When I think of *Crassus*, my equipage, numerous servants, gay liveries, and various dresses, are opposed to the charms of his rival. In a word, when I cast my eyes upon *Lorio* I forget and despise fortune; when I behold *Crassus* I think only of pleasing my vanity and enjoying an uncontrolled expense in all the pleasures of life, except love."

She paused here.

"Madam," said I, "I am confident you have not stated your case with sincerity, and that there is some secret pang which you have concealed from me: for I see by your aspect the generosity of your Mind: and that open ingenuous Air lets me know that you have too great a sense of the generous passion of Love to prefer the ostentation of life in the arms of *Crassus* to the entertainments and conveniences of it in the company of your beloved *Lorio*; for so he is indeed, Madam; you speak his

name with a different accent from the rest of your discourse; the idea his Image raises in you gives new life to your features and new grace to your speech. Nay, blush not, Madam, there is no dishonour in loving a man of merit; I assure you I am grieved at this dallying with yourself when you put another in competition with him for no other reason but superior wealth."

"To tell you then," said she, "the bottom of my heart, there's *Clotilda* lies by and plants herself in the way of *Crassus*, and I am confident will snap him if I refuse him. I cannot bear to think that she will shine above me. When our coaches meet, to see her chariot hung behind with four footmen, and mine with but two: hers, powdered, gay, and saucy, kept only for show; mine, a couple of careful rogues that are good for something. I own I cannot bear that *Clotilda* should be in all the pride and wantonness of wealth, and I only in the ease and affluence of it."

Here I interrupted:

"Well, Madam, now I see your whole affliction: you could be happy, but that you fear another would be happier; or rather, you could be solidly happy, but that another is to be happy in appearance. This is an evil which you must get over, or never know happiness. We will put the case, Madam, that you married *Crassus* and she *Lorio*."

She answered: "Speak not of it. I could tear her eyes out at the mention of it."

"Well then, I pronounce *Lorio* to be the man; but I must tell you that what we call settling in the world is in a kind leaving it; and you must at once resolve to keep your thoughts of happiness within the reach of your fortune, and not measure it by comparison with others.

"But indeed, Madam, when I behold that beauteous form of yours and consider the generality of your sex, as to their disposal of themselves in marriage or their parents doing it for them without their own approbation, I cannot but look upon all such matches as the most impudent prostitutions. Do but observe when you are at a Play, the familiar wenches that sit laughing among the men. These appear detestable to you in the Boxes: each of them would give up her person for a guinea; and some of you would take the worst there for life for twenty thousand. If so, how do you differ but in price? As to the circumstance of Marriage, I take that to be hardly an alteration of the case; for Wedlock is but a more solemn prostitution where there is not an union of Minds. You would hardly believe it, but there have been designs even upon me.

"A neighbour in this very Lane, who knows I have, by leading a very wary life, laid up a little money, had a great mind to marry me to his daughter. I was frequently

invited to their table: the girl was always very pleasant and agreeable. After dinner Miss *Molly* would be sure to fill my pipe for me, and put more sugar than ordinary into my coffee; for she was sure I was good-natured. If I chanced to hem, the mother would applaud my vigour; and has often said on that occasion, 'I wonder, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, you don't marry. I am sure you would have children.'

"Things went so far that my mistress presented me with a wrought nightcap and a laced band of her own working. I began to think of it in earnest; but one day, having an occasion to ride to *Islington*, as two or three people were lifting me upon my pad I spied her at a convenient distance laughing at her lover, with a parcel of romps of her acquaintance. One of them, who I suppose had the same design upon me, told me she said, 'Do you see how briskly my old gentleman mounts?' This made me cut off my amour, and to reflect with myself that no married life could be so unhappy as where the wife proposes no other advantage from her husband than that of making herself fine, and keeping her out of the dirt."

My fair client burst out a-laughing at the account I gave her of my escape, and went away seemingly convinced of the reasonableness of my discourse to her.

White's Chocolate-house,

May 24, 1709.

IT is not to be imagined how far prepossession will run away with people's understandings in cases wherein they are under present uneasinesses. The following narration is a sufficient testimony of the truth of this observation.

I had the honour the other day of a visit from a gentlewoman (a stranger to me) who seemed to be about thirty. Her complexion is brown; but the air of her face has an agreeableness which surpasses the beauties of the fairest women. There appeared in her look and mien a sprightly health; and her eyes had too much vivacity to become the language of complaint which she began to enter into. She seemed sensible of it; and therefore, with downcast looks, said she:

"Mr. *Bickerstaff*, you see before you the unhappiest of women; and therefore, as you are esteemed by all the world both a great civilian as well as an astrologer, I must desire your advice and assistance in putting me in a method of obtaining a divorce from a marriage which I know the Law will pronounce void."

"Madam," said I, "your grievance is of such a nature that you must be very ingenuous in representing the causes of your complaint, or I cannot give you the satisfaction you desire."

"Sir," she answers, "I believe there would be no need of half your skill in the Art of Divination to guess why a woman would part from her husband."

"'Tis true," said I, "but suspicions or guesses at what you mean, nay certainty of it, except you plainly speak it, are no foundation for a formal suit."

She clapped her fan before her face.

"My husband," said she, "is no more a husband (*here she burst into tears*) than one of the *Italian* singers."

"Madam," said I, "the affliction you complain of is to be redressed by Law; but at the same time consider what mortifications you are to go through in bringing it into open Court; how will you be able to bear the impertinent whispers of the people present at the Trial, the licentious reflections of the pleaders, and the interpretations that will in general be put upon your conduct by all the world? How little (will they say) could that lady command her passions! Besides, consider, that curbing our desires is the greatest glory we can arrive at in this world, and will be most rewarded in the next."

She answered, like a prudent matron:

"Sir, if you please to remember the Office of Matrimony, the first cause of its institution is that of having Posterity. Therefore, as to the curbing desires I am willing to undergo any abstinence from food as you please to enjoin me; but I cannot

with any quiet of mind live in the neglect of a necessary duty and an express commandment *increase and multiply.*"

Observing she was learned and knew so well the duties of life I turned my arguments rather to dehort her from this public procedure by examples than precepts.

"Do but consider, Madam, what crowds of beauteous women live in Nunneries, secluded for ever from the sight and conversation of men, with all the alacrity of spirit imaginable; they spend their time in heavenly raptures, in constant and frequent devotions, and at proper hours in agreeable conversations."

"Sir," said she hastily, "tell not me of Papists or any of their idolatries."

"Well then, Madam, consider how many fine ladies live innocently in the eye of the world and this gay Town, in the midst of temptation: there's the witty Mrs. *W*—— is a virgin of forty-four, Mrs. *T*——s is thirty-nine, Mrs. *L*——ce thirty-three; yet you see they laugh and are gay at the Park, at the Playhouse, at Balls, and at visits; and so much at ease that all this seems hardly a self-denial."

"Mr. *Bickerstaff*," said she, with some emotion, "you are an excellent casuist; but the last word destroyed your whole argument; if it is not self-denial, it is no virtue. I presented you with an half-guinea in hopes not only to have my conscience eased but my fortune told. Yet——"

"Well, madam," said I, "Pray of what age is your husband?"

"He is," replied my injured client, "fifty; and I have been his wife fifteen years."

"How happened it you never communicated your distress in all this time to your friends and relations?"

She answered:

"He has been thus but a fortnight."

I am the most serious man in the world to look at, and yet could not forbear laughing out.

"Why, madam, in case of infirmity which proceeds only from age the Law gives no remedy."

"Sir," said she, "I find you have no more learning than Dr. *Case*; and I am told of a young man, not five and twenty, just come from *Oxford*, to whom I will communicate this whole matter, and doubt not but he will appear to have seven times more useful and satisfactory knowledge than you and all your boasted family."

Thus I have entirely lost my client. But if this tedious narrative preserves *Pastorella* from the intended marriage with one twenty years her senior—to save a fine lady I am contented to have my learning decried and my *Predictions* bound up with *Poor Robin's Almanack*.

From my own Apartment,

December 20, 1710.

IT would be a good appendix to *The Art of Living and Dying* if any one would write *The Art of Growing Old*, and teach men to resign their pretensions to the pleasures and gallantries of Youth, in proportion to the alteration they find in themselves by the approach of Age and Infirmities. I have often argued, as I am a professed lover of women, that our sex grows old with a much worse grace than the other does; and have ever been of opinion that there are more well-pleased old women than old men. The conversation of this evening has not convinced me of the contrary; for one or two fop women shall not make a balance for the crowds of coxcombs among ourselves.

Returning home this evening a little before my usual hour, I scarce had seated myself in my easy chair, stirred the fire and stroked my cat, but I heard somebody come rumbling upstairs. I saw my door opened and a human figure advancing towards me so fantastically put together it was some minutes before I discovered it to be my old and intimate friend *Sam Trusty*.

Immediately I rose up and placed him in my own seat; a compliment I pay to few.

The first thing he uttered was:

"*Isaac*, fetch me a cup of your Cherry Brandy before you offer to ask any question."

He drank a lusty draught, sat silent for some time, and at last broke out:

"I am come," quoth he, "to insult thee for an old fantastic dotard as thou art in ever defending the Women. I have this evening visited two widows, who are now in that state I have often heard you call an after-life: I suppose you mean by it an existence which grows out of past entertainments, and is an untimely delight in the satisfactions which they once set their hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but patience," continued he, "till I give you a succinct account of my ladies and of this night's adventure.

"They are much of an age, but very different in their characters. The one of them, with all the advances which years have made upon her, goes on in a certain romantic road of Love and Friendship which she fell into in her teens; the other has transferred the amorous passions of her first years to the love of cronies, pets and favourites, with which she is always surrounded; but the genius of each of them will best appear by the account of what happened to me at their houses.

"About five this afternoon, being tired with study, the weather inviting, and time lying a little upon my hands, I resolved, at the instigation of my evil genius, to visit them, their husbands having been our contemporaries. This I thought I could

do without much trouble, for both live in the very next street.

"I went first to my lady *Camomile*, and the butler, who had lived long in the family and seen me often in his master's time, ushered me very civilly into the parlour and told me, though my lady had given strict orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the black boy acquaint his lady that I was to wait upon her.

"In the window lay two letters, one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a wafer. The first directed to the divine *Cosmelia*, the second to the charming *Lucinda*; but both, by the indented characters, appeared to have been writ by very unsteady hands. Such uncommon addresses increased my curiosity and put me upon asking my old friend the butler if he knew who those persons were.

"'Very well,' says he. 'This is from Mrs. *Furbish* to my lady, an old school-fellow and great crony of her ladyship's, and this the answer.'

"I enquired in what county she lived.

"'Oh dear!' says he, 'but just by in the neighbourhood. Why, she was here all this morning, and that letter came and was answered within these two hours. They have taken an odd fancy, you must know, to call one another hard names, but for all that they love one another hugely.'

"By this time the boy returned with his lady's humble service to me, desiring I would excuse her, for she could not possibly see me, nor anybody else, for it was Opera-night."

"Methinks," says I, "such innocent folly as two old women's courtship to each other should rather make you merry than put you out of humour."

"Peace, good *Isaac*," says he, "no interruption I beseech you. I got soon to Mrs. *Feeble's*, she that was formerly *Betty Frisk*; you must needs remember her, *Tom Feeble* of *Brazen-Nose* fell in love with her for her fine dancing. Well, Mrs. *Ursula*, without further ceremony, carries me directly up to her mistress's chamber, where I found her environed by four of the most mischievous animals that can ever infest a family: an old shock dog with one eye, a monkey chained to one side of the chimney, a great grey squirrel to the other, and a parrot waddling in the middle of the room. However, for a while all was in a profound tranquillity.

"Upon the mantel-tree, for I am a pretty curious observer, stood a pot of lambative electuary, with a stick of liquorice, and near it a phial of rose-water and powder of tutty. Upon the table lay a pipe filled with betony and coltsfoot, a roll of wax candle, a silver spitting-pot, and a *Seville* orange. The lady was placed in a large wicker chair, and her feet wrapped up in

flannel, supported by cushions; and in this attitude (would you believe it, *Isaac*) was she reading a romance with spectacles on.

"The first compliments over, as she was industriously endeavouring to enter upon conversation a violent fit of coughing seized her. This awakened Shock, and in a trice the whole room was in an uproar; for the dog barked, the squirrel squealed, the monkey chattered, the parrot screamed, and *Ursula*, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You, *Isaac*, who know how any harsh noise affects my head, may guess what I suffered from the hideous din of these discordant sounds.

"At length all was appeased and quiet restored. A chair was drawn for me, where I was no sooner seated but the parrot fixed his horny beak, as sharp as a pair of shears, in one of my heels, just above the shoe. I sprung from the place with an unusual agility, and so being within the monkey's reach he snatches off my new bob-wig and throws it upon two apples that were roasting by a sullen sea-coal fire. I was nimble enough to save it from any further damage than singeing the foretop. I put it on, and composing myself as well as I could I drew my chair towards the other side of the chimney.

"The good lady, as soon as she had recovered breath, employed it in making

a thousand apologies, and with great eloquence and a numerous train of words lamented my misfortune. In the middle of her harangue I felt something scratching near my knee, and feeling what it should be found the squirrel had got into my coat pocket. As I endeavoured to remove him from his burrow he made his teeth meet through the fleshy part of my forefinger. This gave me an inexpressible pain. The *Hungary* Water was immediately brought to bathe it, and Gold-beaters' Skin applied to stop the blood. The lady renewed her excuses; but being now out of all patience I abruptly took my leave, and hobbling downstairs with heedless haste I set my foot full in a pail of water, and down we came to the bottom together."

Here my friend concluded his narrative, and with a composed countenance I began to make him compliments of condolence; but he started from his chair and said:

"*Isaac*, you may spare your speeches. I expect no reply. When I told you this I knew you would laugh at me; but the next woman that makes me ridiculous shall be a young one."

From my own Apartment,

*January 16, 1709.**

MY maid came to me and told me there was a Gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great trouble, and pressed very much to see me. When it lay in my power to remove the distress of an unhappy person, I thought I should very ill employ my time in attending matters of speculation, and therefore desired the lady would walk in.

When she entered, I saw her eyes full of tears. However, her grief was not so great as to make her omit rules; for she was very long and exact in her civilities, which gave me time to view and consider her. Her clothes were very rich, but tarnished; and her words very fine, but ill-applied. These distinctions made me, without hesitation (though I had never seen her before) ask her if her Lady had any commands for me?

She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me that their family was in very great affliction. I beseeched her to compose herself, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them.

She then cast her eye upon my little dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but with much ado she at last gave me to understand that *Cupid*,

* *Old Style*; i.e., really 1710.

her Lady's lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition that her Lady neither saw company nor went abroad, for which reason she did not come herself to consult me; that as I had mentioned with great affection my own dog (here she courtesied, and looking first at the cur and then on me said indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty) her Lady sent to me rather than to any other Doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow but send her my advice.

I must confess I had some indignation to find myself treated like something below a farrier; yet well knowing that the best, as well as most tender way, of dealing with a woman is to fall in with her humours and by that means to let her see the absurdity of them, I proceeded accordingly.

"Pray, Madam," said I, "can you give me any methodical account of this illness, and how *Cupid* was first taken?"

"Sir," said she, "we have a little ignorant country girl, who is kept to tend him. She was recommended to our family by one that my Lady never saw but once, at a visit; and you know, Persons of Quality are always inclined to strangers; for I could have helped her to a cousin of my own, but——"

"Good Madam," said I, "you neglect the account of the sick body while you are complaining of this girl."

"No, no, Sir," said she, "begging your pardon; but it is the general fault of physicians, they are so in haste that they never hear out the case. I say, this silly girl, after washing *Cupid*, let him stand half an hour in the window without his collar, where he catch'd cold, and in an hour after began to bark very hoarse. He had, however, a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; but for these two nights last past neither he nor my Lady have slept a wink."

"Has he," said I, "taken anything?"

"No," said she, "but my Lady says he shall take anything that you prescribe, provided you do not make use of Jesuits Powder or the Cold Bath. Poor *Cupid*," continued she, "has always been phthisical, and as he lies under something like a chin-cough we are afraid it will end in a consumption."

I then asked her if she had brought any of his water to show me. Upon this, she stared me in the face and said:—

"I am afraid, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, you are not serious; but if you have any receipt that is proper on this occasion pray let us have it; for my Mistress is not to be comforted."

Upon this I paused a little without returning any answer, and after some short silence I proceeded in the following manner:

"I have considered the nature of the distemper and the constitution of the

patient, and by the best observation that I can make on both, I think it is safest to put him into a course of kitchen physic. In the meantime, to remove his hoarseness, it will be the most natural way to make *Cupid* his own druggist; for which reason I shall prescribe to him, three mornings successively, as much powder as will lie on a groat, of that noble remedy which the apothecaries call *Album Græcum*."

Upon hearing this advice the young woman smiled, as if she knew how ridiculous an errand she had been employed in; and indeed I found by the sequel of her discourse that she was an arch baggage, and of a character that is frequent enough in persons of her employment, who are so used to conform themselves in everything to the humours and passions of their *Mistresses*, that they sacrifice superiority of Sense to superiority of Condition, and are insensibly betrayed into the passions and prejudices of those whom they serve, without giving themselves leave to consider that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However, I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to see her give a new turn to her discourse, and from sympathising with her *Mistress* in her follies to fall a-railing at her.

"You cannot imagine," said she, "Mr. *Bickerstaff*, what a life she makes us lead for the sake of this little ugly cur: if he dies, we are the most unhappy family in

Town. She chanced to lose a parrot last year, which, to tell you truly, brought me into her service; for she turned off her woman upon it, who had lived with her ten years, because she neglected to give him water, though every one of the family says she was as innocent of the bird's death as the babe that is unborn. Nay, she told me this very morning that if *Cupid* should die she would send the poor innocent wench I was telling you of to *Bridewell*, and have the milk-woman tried for her life at the *Old-Baily* for putting water into his milk. In short, she talks like any distracted creature."

"Since it is so, young woman," said I, "I will by no means let you offend us by staying on this message longer than is absolutely necessary"—and so forced her out.

This is an evil I have for many years remarked in the fair sex; and as they are by Nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have observed that when by too obstinate a cruelty or any other means they have disappointed themselves of the proper objects of Love, as husbands or children, such virgins have exactly at such a year grown fond of lap-dogs, parrots, or other animals. I know at this time a celebrated Toast, whom I allow to be one of the most agreeable of her sex, that in the presence of her admirers will give

a torrent of kisses to her cat, any one of which a Christian would be glad of.

I do not at the same time deny but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our sex as theirs. A *Roman* Emperor had so very great an esteem for a horse of his, that he had thoughts of making him a Consul; and several moderns of that rank of men whom we call Country 'Squires, won't scruple to kiss their Hounds before all the world, and declare in the presence of their wives that they had rather salute a favourite of the Pack than the finest woman in *England*. These voluntary friendships between animals of different species seem to arise from instinct; for which reason I have always looked upon the mutual goodwill between the 'Squire and the Hound to be of the same nature with that between the Lion and the Jackal.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excusable is one that grew out of an excess of gratitude, which I have somewhere met with in the Life of a *Turkish* Emperor. His Horse had brought him safe out of a Field of Battle and from the pursuit of a victorious Enemy. As a reward for such his good and faithful service his Master built him a stable of marble, shod him with gold, fed him in an ivory manger, and made him a rack of silver. He annexed to the stable several fields and meadows, lakes, and running streams. At the same time he provided for him a

seraglio of mares, the most beautiful that could be found in the whole *Ottoman* Empire. To these were added a suitable train of domestics, consisting of grooms, farriers, rubbers, &c. accommodated with proper liveries and pensions. In short, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the ease and happiness of his Life who had preserved the Emperor's.

From my own Apartment,

March 27, 1710.

WHEN Artists would expose their Diamonds to an advantage, they usually set them to show in little cases of black velvet. By this means the jewels appear in their true and genuine lustre, while there is no colour that can infect their brightness or give a false cast to the water.

When I was at the Opera the other night, the assembly of ladies in mourning made me consider them in the same kind of view. A dress wherein there is so little variety shows the face in all its natural charms, and makes one differ from another only as it is more or less beautiful. Painters are ever careful of offending against a rule which is so essential in all just representations. The chief figure must have the strongest point of light, and not be injured by any gay colourings that may draw away

the attention to any less considerable part of the picture.

The present fashion obliges everybody to be dressed with propriety, and makes the ladies' faces the principal objects of sight. Every beautiful person shines out in all the excellence with which Nature has adorned her. Gawdy ribands and glaring colours being now out of use, the sex has no opportunity given them to disfigure themselves, which they seldom fail to do whenever it lies in their power. When a woman comes to her glass, she does not employ her time in making herself look more advantageously what she really is, but endeavours to be as much another creature as she possibly can. Whether this happens because they stay so long and attend their work so diligently that they forget the faces and persons which they first sat down with, or whatever it is, they seldom rise from the toilet the same women they appeared when they began to dress.

What jewel can the charming *Cleora* place in her ears, that can please her beholders so much as her eyes? The cluster of diamonds upon the breast can add no beauty to the fair chest of ivory which supports it. It may indeed tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her. Let *Thalestris* change herself into a motley, party-coloured animal. The pearl necklace, the flowered stomacher, the artificial nosegay, and shaded furbelow,

may be of use to attract the eye of the beholder and turn it from the imperfections of her features and shape.

But if ladies will take my word for it (and as they dress to please Men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular) I can assure them there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. There might be more agreeable ornaments found in our own manufacture than any that rise out of the looms of *Persia*.

This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to woman-kind, who are carried away with everything that is showy and with what delights the eye, more than any other species of living creatures whatsoever. Were the minds of the sex laid open we should find the chief idea in one to be a tippet, in another a muff, in a third a fan, and in a fourth a fardingal. The memory of an old visiting-lady is so filled up with gloves, silks and ribands, that I can look upon it as nothing else but a toy shop.

A matron of my acquaintance complaining of her daughter's vanity, was observing that she had all of a sudden held up her head higher than ordinary, and taken an air that showed a secret satisfaction in herself mixed with a scorn of others. "I did not know," says my friend, "what to make of the carriage of this fantastical girl, till I was informed by her elder sister that she had a pair of striped garters on." This

odd turn of mind often makes the sex unhappy and disposes them to be struck with everything that makes a show, however trifling and superficial.

Many a lady has fetched a sigh at the toss of a wig and been ruined by the tapping of a snuff-box. It is impossible to describe all the execution that was done by the shoulder knot while that fashion prevailed, or to reckon up all the virgins that have fallen a sacrifice to a pair of fringed gloves. A sincere heart has not made half so many conquests as an open waistcoat; and I should be glad to see an able head make so good a figure in a woman's company as a pair of red heels.

A *Grecian* hero, when he was asked whether he could play upon the lute, thought he had made a very good reply when he answered, "No; but I can make a great city of a little one." Notwithstanding his boasted wisdom, I appeal to the heart of any Toast in Town whether she would not think the lutenist preferable to the statesman. I do not speak this out of any aversion that I have to the sex: on the contrary, I have always had a tenderness for them; but I must confess it troubles me very much to see the generality of them place their affections on improper objects, and give up all the pleasures of life for gewgaws and trifles.

Mrs. *Margery Bickerstaff*, my great aunt, had a thousand pounds to her portion

which our Family was desirous of keeping among themselves, and therefore used all possible means to turn off her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of danger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way.

When she was about twenty-five years of age she fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper and equal fortune, and would certainly have married him had not my grandfather, Sir *Jacob*, dressed her up in a suit of flowered satin; upon which she set so immoderate a value upon herself that the lover was contemned and discarded. In the fortieth year of her age she was again smitten, but very luckily transferred her passion to a tippet, which was presented to her by another relation who was in the plot. This, with a white sarsenet hood, kept her safe in the Family till fifty.

About sixty, which generally produces a kind of latter Spring in amorous constitutions, my Aunt *Margery* had again a colt's tooth in her head, and would certainly have eloped from the mansion house had not her brother *Simon*, who was a wise man and a scholar, advised to dress her in cherry coloured ribands, which was the only expedient that could be found out by the wit of man to preserve the thousand pounds in our Family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

This discourse puts me in mind of a humourist mentioned by *Horace*, called

Eutrapelus, who, when he designed to do a man a mischief, made him a present of a gay suit; and brings to my memory another passage of the same author. when he describes the most ornamental dress that a woman can appear in with two words. *Simplex Munditiis*. which I have quoted for the benefit of my female readers.

White's Chocolate-house,

June 22, 1709.

AN answer to the following letter being absolutely necessary to be dispatched with all expedition. I must trespass upon all that come with horary questions into my antechamber, to give the Gentleman my opinion.

June 18. 1709.

"SIR.

I know not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen desperately in love with a professed *Platonne*. the most unaccountable creature of her sex. To hear her talk Seraphics. and run over *Norris* and *Moor* and *Milton* and the whole set of intellectual triflers. torments me heartily; for to a lover who understands metaphors all this pretty prattle of ideas gives very fine views of pleasure, which only the dear declaimer prevents by understanding them literally. Why should

she wish to be a Cherubim when 'tis flesh and blood that makes her adorable?

"If I speak to her, that's a high breach of the idea of Intuition. If I offer at her hand or lip, she shrinks from the touch like a sensitive plant, and would contract herself into mere spirit. She calls her chariot, vehicle; her furbelow'd scarf, pinions; her blue mant and petticoat is her azure dress; and her footman goes by the name of *Oberon*.

"'Tis my misfortune to be six foot and a half high, two full spans between the shoulders, thirteen inches diameter in the calves; and before I was in love I had a noble stomach and usually went to bed sober with two bottles. I am not quite six and twenty, and my nose is marked truly aquiline. For these reasons, I am in a very particular manner her aversion.

"What shall I do? Impudence itself cannot reclaim her. If I write miserably, she reckons me among the children of perdition, and discards me her region: if I assume the gross and substantial, she plays the real ghost with me, and vanishes in a moment. I had hopes in the hypocrisy of her sex; but perseverance makes it as bad as fixed aversion.

"I desire your opinion whether I may not lawfully play the Inquisition upon her, make use of a little force, and put her to the rack and torture only to convince her she has really fine limbs without spoiling

or distorting them. I expect your directions ere I proceed to dwindle and fall away with despair; which at present I do not think advisable because, if she should recant, she may then hate me perhaps in the other extreme for my tenuity. I am (with impatience)

“Your most humble servant,
“*Charles Sturdy.*”

My patient has put his case with very much warmth and represented it in so lively a manner that I see both his torment and tormentor with great perspicuity. This Order of *Platonic* Ladies are to be dealt with in a peculiar manner from all the rest of the sex. Flattery is the general way, and the way in this case; but it is not to be done grossly. Every man that has wit and humour and raillery can make a good flatterer for Women in general; but a *Platonne* is not to be touched with panegyric: she will tell you, it is a sensuality in the soul to be delighted that way. You are not therefore to commend, but silently consent, to all she does and says. You are to consider in her the scorn of you is not humour, but opinion.

There were some years since a set of these ladies who were of Quality, and gave out that Virginitv was to be their state of life during this mortal condition, and therefore resolved to join their fortunes and erect a Nunnery. The place of residence was

pitched upon; and a pretty situation, full of natural falls and risings of waters, with shady coverts and flowery arbours, was approved by seven of the founders.

There were as many of our sex who took the liberty to visit the mansions of intended severity; among others, a famous *Rake* of that time, who had the grave way to an excellence. He came in first; but upon seeing a servant coming towards him with a design to tell him this was no place for him or his companions, up goes my grave Impudence to the maid.

"Young woman," said he, "if any of the ladies are in the way on this side of the house, pray carry us on the other side towards the gardens. We are, you must know, gentlemen that are travelling *England*: after which we shall go into foreign parts, where some of us have already been."

Here he bows in the most humble manner, and kissed the girl, who knew not how to behave to such a sort of carriage. He goes on:

"Now you must know we have an ambition to have it to say, that we have a Protestant Nunnery in *England*: But pray Mrs. *Betty*——"

"Sir," she replied, "my name is *Susan*, at your service."

"Then I heartily beg your pardon——"

"No offence in the least," says she, "for I have a cousin-german whose name is *Betty*."

"Indeed," said he, "I protest to you that was more than I knew; I spoke at random. But since it happens that I was near in the right, give me leave to present this gentleman to the favour of a civil salute."

His friend advances, and so on, till they had all saluted her. By this means the poor girl was in the middle of the crowd of these fellows at a loss what to do, without courage to pass through them; and the *Platonics*, at several peep-holes, pale, trembling, and fretting.

Rake perceived they were observed, and therefore took care to keep *Suky* in chat with questions concerning their way of life; when appeared at last *Madonella*, a lady who had writ a fine book concerning the recluse life, and was the Projectrix of the Foundation. She approaches into the hall; and *Rake*, knowing the dignity of his own mien and aspect, goes deputy from his company. She begins:

"Sir, I am obliged to follow the servant, who was sent out to know what affair could make strangers press upon a solitude which we, who are to inhabit this place, have devoted to heaven and our own thoughts?"

"Madam," replies *Rake*, with an air of great distance, mixed with a certain indifference, by which he could dissemble dissimulation, "your great Intention has

made more noise in the world than you design it should; and we travellers, who have seen many foreign institutions of this kind, have a curiosity to see, in its first rudiments, the Seat of primitive Piety; for such it must be called by future Ages, to the eternal honour of the founders. I have read *Madonella's* excellent and seraphic discourse on this subject."

The lady immediately answers:

"If what I have said could have contributed to raise any thoughts in you that may make for the advancement of intellectual and divine conversation, I should think myself extremely happy."

He immediately fell back with the profoundest veneration; then advancing:

"Are you then that admired lady? If I may approach lips which have uttered things so sacred——"

He salutes her. His friends followed his example. The devoted within stood in amazement where this would end, to see *Madonella* receive their address and their company. But *Rake* goes on——

"We would not transgress rules; but if we may take the liberty to see the place you have thought fit to choose for ever, we would go into such parts of the gardens as is consistent with the severities you have imposed on yourselves."

To be short, *Madonella* permitted *Rake* to lead her into the assembly of nuns, followed by his friends, and each took his

fair one by the hand, after due explanation, to walk round the gardens. The conversation turned upon the lilies, the flowers, the arbours, and the growing vegetables; and *Rake* had the solemn impudence, when the whole company stood round him, to say that he sincerely wished Men might rise out of the earth like Plants, and that our Minds were not of necessity to be sullied with carnivorous appetites for the generation as well as support of our species. This was spoke with so easy and fixed an assurance, that *Madonella* answered:

“Sir, under the notion of a pious thought, you deceive yourself in wishing an institution foreign to that of Providence. These desires were implanted in us for reverend purposes, in preserving the race of Men, and giving opportunities for making our chastity more heroic.”

The conference was continued in this celestial strain, and carried on so well by the managers on both sides that it created a second and a second interview; and, without entering into further particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a mother or father that day twelvemonth.

Any unnatural part is long taking up and as long laying aside; therefore Mr. *Sturdy* may assure himself *Platonica* will fly for ever from a forward behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this model she will fall in with the necessities of mortal life and condescend to look with pity upon

an unhappy man, imprisoned in so much body and urged by such violent desires.

*From my own Apartment,
September 30, 1709.*

I AM called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my sister *Jenny* for life. The girl is a girl of great merit and pleasing conversation; but I being born of my father's first wife, and she of his third, she converses with me rather like a daughter than a sister. I have indeed told her that if she kept her honour and behaved herself in such a manner as became the *Bickerstaffs*, I would get her an agreeable man for her husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in *Pliny's Epistles*. That polite author had been employed to find out a consort for his friend's daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon.

Acilianus (for that was the gentleman's name) is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty. He has very much of the gentleman, with a lively colour and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of quality: which

are qualifications that, I think, ought by no means to be overlooked, and should be bestowed on a daughter as the reward of her chastity.

A woman that will give herself liberties need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a husband she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the case of my sister *Jenny*, who, I may say without vanity, is as unspotted a spinster as any in *Great Britain*. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own Family in this particular.

We have in the genealogy of our House the descriptions and pictures of our ancestors from the time of King *Arthur*; in whose days there was one of my own name, a Knight of his Round Table, and known by the name of Sir *Isaac Bickerstaff*. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a *Portuguese Jew*. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity.

His eldest son *Ralph*, for that was his name, was for this reason married to a lady who had little else to recommend her but that she was very tall and very fair. The issue of this match, with the help of high shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next Age; though the complexion of the Family

was obscure till the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, till the reign of *William the Conqueror*, the females of our House were famous for their needle-work and fine skins.

In the male line there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of *Richard the Third*; the eldest son of *Philip*, then chief of the Family, being born with an hump-back and very high nose. This was the more astonishing because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round shoulders and a *Roman* nose. What made the nose the less excusable was the remarkable smallness of his eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; the eyes were opened in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and a half; but the greatest difficulty was how to reduce the nose; which I do not find was accomplished till about the middle of *Henry* the Seventh's reign, or rather the beginning of that of *Henry* the Eighth.

But while our ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and nose, the face of the *Bickerstaffs* fell down insensibly into chin; which was not taken notice of (their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features) till it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time and successive care in our alliances have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago by the marriage of one of our heiresses with an eminent courtier, who gave us spindle-shanks and cramps in our bones, insomuch that we did not recover our health and legs till Sir *Walter Bickerstaff* married *Maud* the milkmaid, of whom the then *Garter King at Arms* (a facetious person) said pleasantly enough, "That she had spoiled our blood, but mended our constitutions."

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our persons and features, I cannot but observe that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humours. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raise a jack-pudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy.

It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into a house and see such different complexions and humours in the same race and family. But to me it is

as plain as a pikestaff from what mixture it is that this daughter silently lowers, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well-behaved, a fourth a splenetic, and a fifth a coquet.

In this disposal of my sister I have chosen with an eye to her being a Wit, and provided that the bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue. For *Jenny's* only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, sluttish; and you are ever to remark that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in ourselves or most capable of improvement.

Thus my sister, instead of consulting her glass and her toilet for an hour and a half after her private devotions, sits with her nose full of snuff and a man's nightcap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit she thinks her distinction, therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh to see me often with my spectacles on lacing her stays; for she is so very a Wit that she understands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see that to be well dressed, in good humour, and cheerful in the command of her family, are the Arts and Sciences of female life. I

could have bestowed her upon a fine Gentleman, who extremely admired her Wit and would have given her a coach and six; but I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had eternally been rivals in discourse and in continual contention for the superiority of understanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets. As it is I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of the City, Town, or Country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the necessity of taking this method, let any one, even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes *Cheapside Conduit*, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollen, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a Person of a vast estate who is the immediate descendant of a fine Gentleman but the great-grandson of a Broker, in whom his ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest Gentleman in his Principles, but can't for his Blood talk fairly. He is heartily sorry for it; but he

cheats by constitution and over-reaches by instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my sister will be that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of Fancy or Particularity of Manners, which grew in herself and can be amended by her. From such an untainted couple we can hope to have our Family rise to its ancient splendour of Face, Air, Countenance, Manner and Shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one House.

Obadiah Greenhat says he never comes into any company in *England* but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed: There is scarce such a living creature as a true *Briton*. We sit down indeed all friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but after two bottles you see a *Dane* start up and swear the kingdom is his own. A *Saxon* drinks up the whole quart and swears he'll dispute that with him. A *Norman* tells them both he'll assert his liberty; and a *Welshman* cries they are all foreigners and intruders of yesterday, and beats them out of the room.

Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours' children, and cousin-germans. For which reason I say, study your Race, or the soil of your Family will dwindle into Cits or 'Squires, or run up into Wits or Madmen.

PRUDES AND COQUETS

White's Chocolate-house,

June 9, 1709.

AS a rake among men is the man who lives in the constant abuse of his reason, so a coquet among women is one who lives in continual misapplication of her beauty.

The chief of all whom I have the honour to be acquainted with is pretty Miss *Toss*. She is ever in practice of something which disfigures her and takes from her charms, though all she does tends to a contrary effect. She has naturally a very agreeable voice and utterance, which she has changed for the prettiest lisp imaginable. She sees what she has a mind to see at half a mile distance; but poring with her eyes half shut at everyone she passes by she believes much more becoming. The *Cupid* on her fan and she have their eyes full on each other all the time in which they are not both in motion. Whenever her eye is turned from that dear object you may have a glance, and your bow, if she is in humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that must not be in the presence of a man of greater quality: For Miss *Toss* is so thoroughly well-bred that the chief person present has

all her regards. And shè who giggles at divine service and laughs at her very mother can compose herself at the approach of a man of good estate.

From my own Apartment,

*January 27, 1709.**

THERE is no sort of company so agreeable as that of women who have good Sense without Affectation, and can converse with men without any private design of imposing chains and fetters. *Belvidera*, whom I visited this evening, is one of these. There is an invincible prejudice in favour of all she says from her being a beautiful woman, because she does not consider herself as such when she talks to you.

This amiable temper gives a certain tincture to all her discourse and made it very agreeable to me, till we were interrupted by *Lydia*, a creature who has all the charms that can adorn a woman. Her attractions would indeed be irresistible, but that she thinks them so, and is always employing them in stratagems and conquests. When I turned my eye upon her as she sat down I saw she was a person of that character which, for the further

* *Old Style; i.e., really 1710.*

information of my country correspondents, I had long wanted an opportunity of explaining.

Lydia is a finished *Coquet*, which is a sect among women of all others the most mischievous, and makes the greatest havoc and disorder in society. I went on in the discourse I was in with *Belvidera*, without showing that I had observed anything extraordinary in *Lydia*. Upon which I immediately saw her look me over as some very ill-bred fellow; and casting a scornful glance on my dress gave a shrug at *Belvidera*. But as much as she despised me she wanted my admiration, and made twenty offers to bring my eyes her way. But I reduced her to a restlessness in her seat and impertinent playing of her fan, and many other motions and gestures before I took the least notice of her.

At last I looked at her with a kind of surprise, as if she had before been unobserved by reason of an ill light where she sat. It is not to be expressed what a sudden joy I saw arise in her countenance, even at the approbation of such a very old fellow. But she did not long enjoy her triumph without a rival; for there immediately entered *Castabella*, a lady of a quite contrary character, that is to say as eminent a *Prude* as *Lydia* is a *Coquet*. *Belvidera* gave me a glance, which methought intimated that they were both

curiosities in their kind and worth remarking.

As soon as we were again seated I stole looks at each lady, as if I was comparing their perfections. *Belvidera* observed it and began to lead me into a discourse of them both to their faces, which is to be done easily enough; for one woman is generally so intent upon the faults of another that she has not reflection enough to observe when her own are represented.

"I have taken notice, Mr. *Bickerstaff*," said *Belvidera*, "that you have, in some parts of your writings, drawn characters of our sex, in which you have not, to my apprehension, been clear enough and distinct, particularly in those of a *Prude* and a *Coquet*."

Upon the mention of this *Lydia* was roused with the expectation of seeing *Castabella's* picture, and *Castabella* with the hopes of that of *Lydia*.

"Madam," said I to *Belvidera*, "when we consider Nature we shall often find very contrary effects flow from the same cause. The *Prude* and *Coquet* (as different as they appear in their behaviour) are in reality the same kind of women: the motive of action in both is the affectation of pleasing men. They are sisters of the same blood and constitution, only one chooses a grave and the other a light dress. The *Prude* appears more virtuous, the *Coquet* more vicious, than she really is. The distant

behaviour of the *Prude* tends to the same purpose as the advances of the *Coquet*; and you have as little reason to fall into despair from the severity of one as to conceive hopes from the familiarity of the other.

“What leads you into a clear sense of their character is, that you may observe each of them has the distinction of sex in all her thoughts, words, and actions. You can never mention any assembly you were lately in but one asks you with a rigid, the other with a sprightly air, *Pray, what men were there?* As for *Prudes*, it must be confessed that there are several of them who, like hypocrites, by long practice of a false part become sincere; or at least delude themselves into a belief that they are so.”

For the benefit of the Society of Ladies I shall propose one rule to them as a test of their virtue. I find in a very celebrated modern author that the great foundress of the Pietists, *Madam de Bourignon*, who was no less famous for the sanctity of her life than for the singularity of some of her opinions, was used to boast that she had not only the Spirit of Continency in herself but that she had also the power of communicating it to all who beheld her. This the scoffers of those days called *The Gift of Infrigidation*, and took occasion from it to rally her face rather than admire her virtue.

I would therefore advise the *Prude* who has a mind to know the integrity of her own heart, to lay her hand seriously upon it and to examine herself whether she could sincerely rejoice in such a gift of conveying chaste thoughts to all her male beholders. If she has any aversion to the power of inspiring so great a virtue, whatever notion she may have of her perfection she deceives her own heart and is still in the state of *Prudery*. Some perhaps will look upon the boast of *Madam de Bourignon* as the utmost ostentation of a *Prude*.

ESQUIRES

From my own Apartment,

May 20, 1709.

THERE is nothing can give a man of any consideration greater pain than to see order and distinction laid aside amongst men, especially when the rank (of which he himself is a member) is intruded upon by such as have no pretence to that honour.

The appellation of *Esquire* is the most notoriously abused in this kind of any class amongst men; insomuch that it is become almost the subject of derision. But I will be bold to say, this behaviour towards it proceeds from the ignorance of the people in its true origin. I shall therefore, as briefly as possible, do myself and all true *Esquires* the justice to look into antiquity upon this subject.

In the first ages of the world, before the invention of jointures and settlements, when the noble passion of love had possession of the hearts of men, and the fair sex were not yet cultivated into the merciful disposition which they have showed in later centuries, it was natural for great and heroic spirits to retire to rivulets, woods and caves to lament their destiny and the

cruelty of the fair persons who were deaf to all their lamentations.

The hero in this distress was generally in armour and in a readiness to fight any man he met with, especially if distinguished by any extraordinary qualifications; it being the nature of heroic love to hate all merit, lest it should come within the observation of the cruel one by whom its own perfections are neglected.

A lover of this kind had always about him a person of a second value, and subordinate to him, who could hear his afflictions, carry an enchantment for his wounds, hold his helmet when he was eating (if ever he did eat) or, in his absence, when he was retired to his apartment in any King's palace, tell the Prince himself, or perhaps his daughter, the birth, parentage, and adventures of his valiant master.

This trusty companion was styled his *Esquire*, and was always fit for any offices about him; was as gentle and chaste as a gentleman-usher, quick and active as an equerry, smooth and eloquent as a master of the ceremonies.

A man thus qualified was the first, as the Antients affirm, who was called an *Esquire*; and none without these accomplishments ought to assume our Order. But, to the utter disgrace and confusion of the heralds, every pretender is admitted into this fraternity, even persons the most foreign to this courteous institution.

I have taken an inventory of all within this city, and looked over every letter in the *Post Office* for my better information. There are of the *Middle Temple*, including all in the *Buttery Books* and in the *Lists of the House*, 5000. In the *Inner*, 4000. In the *King's Bench Walks* the whole buildings are inhabited by Esquires only. The adjacent streets of *Essex*, from *Morris's Coffee-house* and the turning towards the *Grecian*, you cannot meet one who is not an Esquire, till you take water. Every house in *Norfolk* and *Arundel Streets* is governed also by a 'Squire or his lady. *Soho Square*, *Bloomsbury Square*, and all other places where the floors rise above nine feet, are so many Universities where you enter yourselves, and become of our Order.

However, if this were the worst of the evil it were to be supported, because they are generally men of some figure and use; though I know no pretence they have to an honour which had its rise from chivalry. But if you travel into the counties of *Great Britain* we are still more imposed upon by innovation. We are indeed derived from the field; but shall that give title to all that ride mad after foxes, that holloo when they see a hare, or venture their necks full-speed after a hawk, immediately to commence Esquires? No; our Order is temperate, cleanly, sober, and chaste; but these rural Esquires commit immodesties upon hay-

cocks, wear shirts half a week, and are drunk twice a day. These men are also, to the last degree, excessive in their food: an Esquire of *Norfolk* eats two pounds of dumpling every meal, as if obliged to it by our Order: an Esquire of *Hampshire* is as ravenous in devouring hogs-flesh: one of *Essex* has as little mercy on calves. But I must take the liberty to protest against them and acquaint those persons that it is not the quantity they eat but the manner of eating that shows a 'Squire.

But above all I am most offended at small quill-men and transcribing clerks, who are all come into our Order for no reason that I know of but that they can easily flourish it at the end of their name. I'll undertake that if you read the superscriptions to all the offices in the kingdom you will not find three letters directed to any but Esquires. I have myself a couple of clerks, and the rogues make nothing of leaving messages upon each other's desk. One directs *To Degory Goosequill, Esq.*; to which the other replies by a note *To Nehemiah Dashwell, Esq., with respect*: in a word, it is now *Populus Armigerorum*, A People of Esquires. And I don't know but, by the late Act of Naturalisation, foreigners will assume that title, as part of the immunity of being *Englishmen*.

All these improprieties flow from the negligence of the *Heralds Office*. Those gentlemen in party-coloured habits do not

so rightly, as they ought, understand themselves; though they are dressed cap-à-pie in hieroglyphics, they are inwardly but ignorant men. I asked an acquaintance of mine, who is a man of wit but of no fortune and is forced to appear as a Jack-pudding on the stage to a mountebank: "Pr'ythee, *Jack*, why is your coat of so many colours?" He replied: "I act a fool, and this spotted dress is to signify that every man living has a weak place about him; for I am Knight of the Shire, and represent you all."

I wish the heralds would know as well as this man does, in his way, that they are to act for us in the case of our Arms and appellations. We should not then be jumbled together in so promiscuous and absurd a manner. I design to take this matter into further consideration; and no man shall be received as an Esquire who cannot bring a certificate that he has conquered some lady's obdurate heart; that he can lead up a country dance or carry a message between her and her lover with address, secrecy, and diligence. A 'Squire is properly born for the service of the sex, and his credentials shall be signed by three Toasts and one Prude before his title shall be received in my office.

GENTLEMEN

White's Chocolate-house,

May 26, 1709.

A GENTLEMAN has writ to me out of the country a very civil letter, and said things which I suppress with great violence to my vanity. There are many terms in my narratives which he complains want explaining; and has therefore desired that for the benefit of my country readers I would let him know what I mean by a *Gentleman*, a *Pretty Fellow*, a *Critic*, a *Wit*, and all other appellations of those now in the gayer world who are in possession of these several characters; together with an account of those who unfortunately pretend to them.

I shall begin with him we usually call a *Gentleman*, or man of conversation.

It is generally thought that warmth of imagination, quick relish of pleasure, and a manner of becoming it are the most essential qualities for forming this sort of man. But anyone that is much in company will observe that the height of good breeding is shown rather in never giving offence than in doing obliging things. Thus he that never shocks you, though he is seldom

entertaining, is more likely to keep your favour than he who often entertains and sometimes displeases you. The most necessary talent therefore in a man of conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine gentleman, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection is master of his companion without letting him see it; and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

This is what makes *Sophronius* the darling of all who converse with him, and the most powerful with his acquaintance of any man in town. By the light of this faculty, he acts with great ease and freedom among the men of pleasure, and acquits himself with skill and dispatch among the men of business. All which he performs with such success that, with as much discretion in life as any man ever had, he neither is nor appears cunning. But if he does a good office, as he ever does it with readiness and alacrity, so he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a manner that convinces you that you ought not to have asked it.

His judgment is so good and unerring, and accompanied with so cheerful a spirit, that his conversation is a continual feast at which he helps some and is helped by others in such a manner that the equality of society is perfectly kept up and every

man obliges as much as he is obliged. For it is the greatest and justest skill in a man of superior understanding to know how to be on a level with his companions. This sweet disposition runs through all the actions of *Sophronius* and makes his company desired by women without being envied by men. *Sophronius* would be as just as he is if there were no Law; and would be as discreet as he is if there were no such thing as calumny.

In imitation of this agreeable being is made that animal we call a *Pretty Fellow*; who, being just able to find out that what makes *Sophronius* acceptable is a natural behaviour, in order to the same reputation makes his own an artificial one. *Jack Dimple* is his perfect mimic, whereby he is of course the most unlike him of all men living. *Sophronius* just now passed into the inner room directly forward: *Jack* comes as fast after as he can for the right and left looking-glass, in which he had but just approved himself by a nod at each, and marched on. He will meditate within for half an hour till he thinks he is not careless enough in his air, and come back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness.

PRETTY FELLOWS

White's Chocolate-house,

June 2, 1709.

IN my paper of the 28th of the last month, I mentioned several characters which want explanation to the generality of readers. Among others, I spoke of a *Pretty Fellow*. I have since received a kind admonition in a letter to take care that I do not omit to show also what is meant by a *very* pretty fellow, which is to be allowed as a character by itself and a person exalted above the other by a peculiar sprightliness; as one who, by a distinguishing vigour, outstrips his companions and has thereby deserved and obtained a particular appellation or nickname of familiarity. Some have this distinction from the fair sex, who are so generous as to take into their protection such as are laughed at by the men, and place them for that reason in degrees of favour.

The chief of this sort is Colonel *Brunett*, who is a Man of Fashion because he will be so, and practises a very jaunty way of behaviour because he is too careless to know when he offends, and too sanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the

Colonel has met with a Town ready to receive him, and cannot possibly see why he should not make use of their favour, and set himself in the first degree of conversation. Therefore he is very successfully loud among the Wits, and familiar among the Ladies, and dissolute among the Rakes. Thus he is admitted in one place, because he is so in another; and every man treats *Brunett* well, not out of his particular esteem for him, but in respect to the opinion of others.

It is to me a solid pleasure to see the world thus mistaken on the good-natured side; for 'tis ten to one but the Colonel mounts into a General Officer, marries a fine Lady, and is master of a good estate, before they come to explain upon him. What gives most delight to me in this observation is, that all this arises from pure nature, and the Colonel can account for his success no more than those by whom he succeeds. For these causes and considerations I pronounce him a true woman's man, and in the first degree *a very pretty fellow*.

The next to a man of this universal genius is one who is peculiarly formed for the service of the ladies, and his merit chiefly is to be of no consequence. I am indeed a little in doubt whether he ought not rather to be called a *very happy* than a *very pretty* fellow. For he is admitted at all hours: all he says or does, which would

offend in another, are passed over in him; and all actions and speeches which please, doubly please if they come from him: no one wonders or takes notice when he's wrong; but all admire him when he is in the right.

By the way, it is fit to remark that there are people of better sense than these, who endeavour at this character; but they are out of Nature; and though, with some industry, they get the characters of fools, they cannot arrive to be *very*, seldom to be merely *pretty fellows*. But where Nature has formed a person for this station amongst men, he is gifted with a peculiar genius for success, and his very errors and absurdities contribute to it; this felicity attending him to his life's end. For it being in a manner necessary that he should be of no consequence, he is as well in old age as youth; and I know a man whose son has been some years a pretty fellow, who is himself at this hour a *very* pretty fellow.

One must move tenderly in this place, for we are now in the ladies' lodgings, and speaking of such as are supported by their influence and favour; against which there is not, neither ought there to be, any dispute or observation. But when we come into more free air one may talk a little more at large.

Give me leave then to mention three, whom I do not doubt but we shall see make considerable figures; and these are such as

for their *Bacchanalian* performances must be admitted into this Order. They are three brothers lately landed from *Holland*: as yet, indeed, they have not made their public entry, but lodge and converse at *Wapping*. They have merited already on the water-side particular titles: the first is called *Hogshead*; the second, *Culverin*; and the third, *Musquet*. This fraternity is preparing for our end of the town by their ability in the exercises of *Bacchus*, and measure their time and merit by liquid weight and power of drinking. *Hogshead* is a prettier fellow than *Culverin* by two quarts; and *Culverin* than *Musquet* by a full pint. It is to be feared *Hogshead* is so often too full, and *Culverin* over-loaded, that *Musquet* will be the only lasting very pretty fellow of the three.

A third sort of this denomination is such as by very daring adventures in love have purchased to themselves renown and new names; as *Jo Carry* for his excessive strength and vigour; *Tom Drybones* for his generous loss of youth and health; and *Cancrum* for his meritorious rottenness.

These great and leading spirits are proposed to all such of our *British* youth as would arrive at perfection in these different kinds; and if their parts and accomplishments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our nation would soon excel all others in wit and arts, as they already do in arms.

RAKES

White's Chocolate-house,

June 9, 1709.

IN my discourse of the 28th of the last month, I omitted to mention the most agreeable of all bad characters, and that is, a *Rake*.

A *Rake* is a man always to be pitied; and if he lives is one day certainly reclaimed, for his faults proceed not from choice or inclination but from strong passions and appetites which are in youth too violent for the curb of reason, good sense, good manners, and good nature. All which he must have by nature and education before he can be allowed to be, or have been, of this Order.

He is a poor unwieldy wretch, that commits faults out of the redundancy of his good qualities. His pity and compassion make him sometimes a bubble to all his fellows, let them be never so much below him in understanding. His desires run away with him through the strength and force of a lively imagination, which hurries him on to unlawful pleasures before reason has power to come in to his rescue. Thus with all the good intentions in the world

to amendment, this creature sins on against heaven, himself, his friends, and his country, who all call for a better use of his talents.

There is not a being under the sun so miserable as this. He goes on in a pursuit he himself disapproves, and has no enjoyment but what is followed by remorse; no relief from remorse, but the repetition of his crime.

It is possible I may talk of this person with too much indulgence; but I must repeat it, that I think this a character which is the most the object of pity of any in the world. The man in the pangs of the stone, gout, or any acute distemper is not in so deplorable a condition in the eye of right sense as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The fellow with broken limbs justly deserves your alms for his impotent condition; but he that cannot use his own reason is in a much worse state; for you see him in miserable circumstances, with his remedy at the same time in his own possession, if he would or could use it. This is the cause that, of all ill characters, the Rake has the best quarter in the world; for when he is himself, and unruffled with intemperance, you see his natural faculties exert themselves, and attract an eye of favour towards his infirmities.

But if we look round us here how many dull rogues are there that would fain be what this poor man hates himself for? All

the noise towards six in the evening is caused by his mimics and imitators. How ought men of sense to be careful of their actions, if it were merely from the indignation of seeing themselves ill-drawn by such little pretenders? Not to say he that leads is guilty of all the actions of his followers; and a Rake has imitators who you would never expect should prove so. Second-hand vice sure of all is the most nauseous. There is hardly a folly more absurd, or which seems less to be accounted for (though it is what we see every day) than that grave and honest natures give into this way and at the same time have good sense if they thought fit to use it. But the fatality (under which most men labour) of desiring to be what they are not makes them go out of a method in which they might be received with applause, and would certainly excel, into one wherein they will all their life have the air of strangers to what they aim at.

For this reason I have not lamented the metamorphosis of anyone I know so much as of *Nobilis*, who was born with sweetness of temper, just apprehension, and everything else that might make him a man fit for his Order. But instead of the pursuit of sober studies and applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a considerable figure in the noblest assembly of men in the world: I say, in spite of that good-nature which is his proper bent, he

will say ill-natured things aloud, put such as he was and still should be out of countenance, and drown all the natural good in him to receive an artificial ill character in which he will never succeed; for *Nobilis* is no Rake. He may guzzle as much wine as he pleases, talk bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink water-gruel and go twice a day to church, for it will never do.

I pronounce it again, *Nobilis* is no Rake. To be of that Order he must be vicious against his will, and not so by study or application. All pretty fellows are also excluded to a man, as well as all inamoratoes or persons of the epicene gender, who gaze at one another in the presence of ladies.

This class, of which I am giving you an account, is pretended to also by men of strong abilities in drinking; though they are such whom the liquor, not the conversation, keeps together. But blockheads may roar, fight, and stab, and be never the nearer; their labour is also lost; they want sense. They are no Rakes.

COXCOMBS

By Mrs. *Jenny Distaff*, half-sister to
Mr. *Bickerstaff*.

White's Chocolate-house,
July 6, 1709.

I N pursuance of my last date from hence, I am to proceed on the accounts I promised of several personages among the men, whose conspicuous fortunes, or ambition in showing their follies, have exalted them above their fellows.

The levity of their minds is visible in their every word and gesture, and there is not a day passes but puts me in mind of Mr. *Wicherly's* character of a Coxcomb: *He is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentleman.* Now though the women may put on softness in their looks, or affected severity, or impertinent gaiety, or pert smartness, their self-love and admiration cannot under any of these disguises appear so invincible as that of the men. You may easily take notice that in all their actions there is a secret approbation either in the tone of their voice, the turn of their body, or cast of their eye, which shows that they are extremely in their own favour.

Take one of your men of business, he shall keep you half an hour with your hat off, entertaining you with his consideration of that affair you spoke of to him last, till he has drawn a crowd that observes you in this grimace. Then when he is public enough, he immediately runs into secrets, and falls a-whispering. You and he make breaks with adverbs; as, *But however, thus far*; and then you whisper again, and so on, till they who are about you are dispersed, and your busy man's vanity is no longer gratified by the notice taken of what importance he is and how inconsiderable you are; for your pretender to business is never in secret, but in public.

There is my dear Lord *No-where*, of all men the most gracious and most obliging, the terror of all *Valets de Chambre* whom he oppresses with good breeding in enquiring for my good Lord and for my good Lady's health. This inimitable courtier will whisper a Privy Councillor's lacquey with the utmost goodness and condescension to know when they next sit; and is thoroughly taken up and thinks he has a part in a secret, if he knows that there is a secret. *What it is*, he will whisper you, *that time will discover*; then he shrugs, and calls you back again—*Sir, I need not say to you, that these things are not to be spoken of—And hark'ee, no names, I would not be quoted*. What adds to the jest is, that his emptiness has its moods and seasons,

and he will not condescend to let you into these his discoveries except he is in very good humour, or has seen somebody in fashion talk to you. He will keep his *nothing* to himself, and pass by and overlook as well as the best of 'em; not observing that he is insolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Show me a woman so inconsiderable as this frequent character.

But my mind (now I am in) turns to many no less observable: Thou dear *Will Shoestring*! I profess myself in love with thee! How shall I speak to thee? How shall I address thee? How shall I draw thee? Thou dear *Outside*! Will you be combing your wig, playing with your box, or picking your teeth? Or choosest thou rather to be speaking; to be speaking for thy only purpose in speaking, to show your teeth? Rub them no longer, dear *Shoestring*: do not premeditate murder: do not for ever whiten: oh! that for my quiet and his own they were rotten.

But I will forget him and give my hand to the courteous *Umbra*. He is a fine man indeed, but the soft creature bows below my apron-string before he takes it; yet after the first ceremonies, he is as familiar as my physician, and his insignificancy makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my doctor.

He is so courteous that he carries half the messages of ladies' ails in town to their

midwives and nurses. He understands, too, the art of medicine, as far as to the cure of a pimple or a rash. On occasions of the like importance he is the most assiduous of all men living, in consulting and searching precedents from family to family; then he speaks of his obsequiousness and diligence in the style of real services. If you sneer at him and thank him for his great friendship, he bows and says, *Madam, all the good offices in my power, while I have any knowledge or credit, shall be at your service.*

The consideration of so shallow a being, and the intent application with which he pursues trifles, has made me carefully reflect upon that sort of men we usually call an *Impertinent*: and I am, upon mature deliberation, so far from being offended with him that I am really obliged to him; for though he will take you aside and talk half an hour upon matters wholly insignificant with the most solemn air, yet I consider that these things are of weight in his imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is for my service.

If therefore it be a just rule to judge of a man by his intention, according to the equity of good breeding, he that is impertinently kind or wise to do you service ought in return to have a proportionable place both in your affection and esteem; so that the courteous *Umbra* deserves the favour of all his acquaintance;

for though he never served them, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.

As impotent kindness is to be returned with all our abilities to oblige, so impotent malice is to be treated with all our force to depress it. For this reason, *Fly-Blow* (who is received in all the families in Town through the degeneracy and iniquity of their manners) is to be treated like a knave, though he is one of the weakest of fools.

He has by rote, and at second-hand, all that can be said of any man of figure, wit and virtue, in Town. Name a man of worth, and this creature tells you the worst passage of his life. Speak of a beautiful woman, and this puppy will whisper the next man to him, though he has nothing to say of her. He is a *fly* that feeds on the sore part, and would have nothing to live on if the whole body were in health. You may know him by the frequency of pronouncing the particle *but*; for which reason I never heard him spoken of with common charity without using my *but* against him. For a friend of mine saying the other day: "Mrs. *Distaff* has wit, good-humour, virtue and friendship"; this oaf added: "*But* she is not handsome."

Coxcomb! The gentleman was saying what I was, not what I was not.

By *Isaac Bickerstaff*, Esq.

From my own Apartment,

November 18, 1709.

WHEN an engineer finds his guns have not had their intended effect, he changes his batteries. I am forced at present to take this method; and instead of continuing to write against the singularity some are guilty of in their habit and behaviour, I shall henceforward desire them to persevere in it; and not only so, but shall take it as a favour of all the Coxcombs in the Town if they will set marks upon themselves, and by some particular in their dress show to what class they belong.

It would be very obliging in all such persons who feel in themselves that they are not sound of understanding, to give the world notice of it, and spare mankind the pains of finding them out. A cane upon the fifth button shall from henceforth be the type of a Dapper; red-heeled shoes and a hat hung upon one side of the head shall signify a Smart; a good periwig made into a twist, with a brisk cock, shall speak a Mettled Fellow; and an upper lip covered with snuff denotes a Coffee-house Statesman.

But as it is required that all Coxcombs hang out their signs, it is on the other hand expected that men of real merit should

avoid anything particular* in their dress, gait, or behaviour. For as we old men delight in proverbs, I cannot forbear bringing out one on this occasion, that *good wine needs no bush*.

I must not leave this subject without reflecting on several persons I have lately met with, who at a distance seem very terrible; but upon a stricter enquiry into their looks and features appear as meek and harmless as any of my own neighbours. These are country gentlemen, who of late years have taken up a humour of coming to Town in red coats, whom an arch wag of my acquaintance used to describe very well by calling them sheep in wolves' clothing.

I have often wondered that honest gentlemen, who are good neighbours and live quietly in their own possessions, should take it into their heads to frighten the Town after this unreasonable manner. I shall think myself obliged, if they persist in so unnatural a dress (notwithstanding any posts they may have in the Militia) to give away their red coats to any of the soldiery who shall think fit to strip them, provided the said soldiers can make it appear that they belong to a regiment where there is a deficiency in the clothing.

About two days ago I was walking in the *Park*, and accidentally met a rural 'Squire, clothed in all the types above-mentioned, with a carriage and behaviour made entirely out of his own head. He was of a bulk,

and stature larger than ordinary, had a red coat, flung open to show a gay Calamanco waistcoat. His periwig fell in a very considerable bush upon each shoulder; his arms naturally swung at an unreasonable distance from his sides; which, with the advantage of a cane that he brandished in a great variety of irregular motions, made it unsafe for anyone to walk within several yards of him. In this manner he took up the whole *Mall*, his spectators moving on each side of it, whilst he cocked up his hat and marched directly for *Westminster*. I cannot tell who this gentleman is, but for my comfort may say with the lover in *Terence*, who lost sight of a fine young lady: *Wherever thou art, thou canst not be long concealed.*

PRIGS AND BEAUX

From my own Apartment,

December 5, 1709.

THERE is nothing gives a man a greater satisfaction than the sense of having dispatched a great deal of business, especially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at present, occasioned by the fatigue of affairs which I went through last *Saturday*. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me for canes, perspective-glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower-waters, and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjust this matter, I had before directed *Charles Lillie*, of *Beauford Buildings*, to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words.

You are hereby required to permit the Bearer of this Cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without let or molestation; provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandish it in the air, or hang it on a button, in which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to anyone who shall think it safe to take it from him. Isaac Bickerstaff.

The same form, differing only in the provisoes, will serve for a perspective, snuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief.

I had placed myself in my elbow-chair at the upper end of my great parlour, having ordered *Charles Lillie* to take his place upon a joint-stool, with a writing-desk before him. *John Morphey* also took his station at the door; I having, for his good and faithful services, appointed him my chamber-keeper upon Court days. He let me know that there were a great number attending without. Upon which I ordered him to give notice that I did not intend to sit upon snuff-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for canes might enter.

The first presented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr. *Lillie* to read.

To *Isaac Bickerstaff*, Esq., Censor of
Great Britain.

The humble petition of Simon Trippit;

Showeth,

That your petitioner having been bred up to a cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

That a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

That the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation that he does not know how to be good company without it.

That he is at present engaged in an amour, and must despair of success if it be taken from him.

Your petitioner therefore hopes that (the premises tenderly considered) your Worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

And your petitioner shall ever, &c.

Upon the hearing of his case I was touched with some compassion, and the more so when, upon observing him nearer, I found he was a *Prig*. I bid him produce his cane in Court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber head and a blue ribbon to hang upon his wrist, I immediately ordered my clerk *Lillie* to lay it up and deliver out to him a plain joint headed with walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in the week, and to abate proportionately till he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared came limping into the Court; and setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories,

and confronting him with several witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. *Lillie* to take in his cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty, leaning upon a slight stick and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the weakness of his hams; and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his cane and gave him a new pair of crutches, with which he went off in great vigour and alacrity.

This gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he represented that he was extremely afflicted with the gout, and set his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompanied that distemper. I suspected him for an imposter, and having ordered him to be searched I committed him into the hands of Dr. *Thomas Smith* in *King Street* (my own corn-cutter), who attended in an outward room and wrought so speedy a cure upon him that I thought fit to send him also away without his cane.

While I was thus dispensing justice I heard a noise in my outward room; and enquiring what was the occasion of it my door-keeper told me that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was passing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively fresh-coloured young man, who made great resistance with hand and foot, but did

not offer to make use of his cane, which hung upon his fifth button.

Upon examination I found him to be an *Oxford* scholar, who was just entered at the *Temple*. He at first disputed the jurisdiction of the Court; but being driven out of his little Law and logic he told me very pertly that he looked upon such a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. It is well known (says he) we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wisdom of the Ancients had described man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated that a cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life.

Upon which I asked him whether he wore it at his breast to have in readiness when that period should arrive?

My young lawyer immediately told me he had a property in it and a right to hang it where he pleased, and to make use of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it. And further said that he never took it off his button unless it were to lift it up at a coachman, hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumstances of a story, or for other services of the like nature, that are all within the Laws of the land.

I did not care for discouraging a young man, who, I saw, would come to good; and because his heart was set upon his new purchase I only ordered him to wear it about his neck instead of hanging it upon his button, and so dismissed him.

There were several appeared in Court whose pretensions I found to be very good, and therefore gave them their licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameness than I had before allowed them.

Having dispatched this set of my petitioners there came in a well-dressed man, with a glass tube in one hand and his petition in the other. Upon his entering the room he threw back the right side of his wig, put forward his right leg, and advancing the glass to his right eye aimed it directly at me. In the meanwhile, to make my observations also, I put on my spectacles; in which posture we surveyed each other for some time. Upon the removal of our glasses I desired him to read his petition, which he did very promptly and easily; though at the same time it set forth that he could see nothing distinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a prayer that he might be permitted to strengthen and extend his sight by a glass.

In answer to this I told him he might sometimes extend it to his own destruction.

"As you are now," said I, "you are out of the reach of beauty; the shafts of the finest eyes lose their force before they can come at you; you can't distinguish a Toast from an orange wench; you can see a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to discompose you. In short, what are snares for others——"

My petitioner would hear no more, but told me seriously:

"Mr. *Bickerstaff*, you quite mistake your man; it is the joy, the pleasure, the employment of my life to frequent public assemblies and gaze upon the fair."

In a word, I found his use of a glass was occasioned by no other infirmity but his vanity, and was not so much designed to make him see as to make him be seen and distinguished by others. I therefore refused him a licence for a perspective, but allowed him a pair of spectacles, with full permission to use them in any public assembly as he should think fit. He was followed by so very few of this order of men that I have reason to hope this sort of cheats are almost at an end.

The Orange-Flower-Men appeared next with petitions, perfumed so strongly with musk that I was almost overcome with the scent; and for my own sake was obliged forthwith to licence their handkerchiefs, especially when I found they had sweetened them at *Charles Lillie's*. and that some of

their persons would not be altogether inoffensive without them. *John Morphew*, whom I have made the General of my Dead Men, acquainted me that the petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it, if I required it.

I was so well pleased with this way of their embalming themselves that I commanded the abovesaid *Morphew* to give it in Orders to his whole army, that everyone who did not surrender himself up to be disposed of by the upholders should use the same method to keep himself sweet during his present state of putrefaction.

I finished my Session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for however slightly men may regard these particularities and little follies in dress and behaviour, they lead to greater evils. The bearing to be laughed at for such singularities teaches us insensibly an impertinent fortitude and enables us to bear public censure for things which more substantially deserve it. By this means they open a gate to folly and oftentimes render a man so ridiculous as discredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualify them from doing any good in the world. Besides, the giving in to uncommon habits of this nature is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind and (what is worst of all) the certain indication of some secret flaw in the mind of the person that commits them.

When I was a young man I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt and a hanger instead of a fashionable sword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six and thirty years, when at last, to the surprise of everybody but myself, who had long expected to see the folly break out, he married his own cook-maid.

Will's Coffee-house,

September 20, 1709.

I CANNOT, in the midst of many other things which press, hide the comfort that this letter from an ingenious kinsman gives me.

Oxford, Sept. 18.

"Dear Cousin,

I am sorry, though not surprised, to find that you have rallied the men of dress in vain; that the amber-headed cane still maintains its unstable post, that pockets are but a few inches shortened; and a beau is still a beau, from the crown of his nightcap to the heels of his shoes. For your comfort, I can assure you that your endeavours succeed better in this

famous seat of learning. By them the manners of our young gentlemen are in a fair way of amendment, and their very language is mightily refined. To them it is owing that not a servitor will sing a catch, not a senior Fellow make a pun, nor a determining Batchelor drink a bumper; and I believe a Gentleman Commoner would as soon have the heels of his shoes red as his stockings. When a witling stands at a coffee-house door and sneers at those who pass by, to the great improvement of his hopeful audience, he is no longer surnamed a *Slicer*, but a *Man of Fire* is the word. A beauty, whose health is drank from *Heddington* to *Hinksey*, who has been the theme of the Muses (her cheeks painted with roses, and her bosom planted with orange-boughs) has no more the title of *Lady*, but reigns an undisputed *Toast*. When to the plain garb of gown and band a Spark adds an inconsistent long wig, we do not say now 'He *Boshes*,' but 'There goes a *Smart Fellow*.' If a virgin blushes, we no longer cry 'She *Blues*.' He that drinks till he stares, is no more *Tow-Row*, but *Honest*. A *youngster* in a *scrape*, is a word out of date; and what bright man says, 'I was *Joab'd* by the Dean'? *Bamboozling* is exploded; a *Shat* is a *Tatler*; and if the muscular motion of a man's face be violent, no mortal says 'He *raises a horse*,' but 'He's a *merry fellow*.'"

FOPS AND CITS

White's Chocolate-house,

July 27, 1709.

MY friend Sir *Thomas* has communicated to me his letters from *Epsom* of the 25th instant, which give, in general, a very good account of the present posture of affairs in that place, but that the tranquillity and correspondence of the company begins to be interrupted by the arrival of Sir *Taffety Trippet*, a fortune-hunter, whose follies are too gross to give diversion, and whose vanity is too stupid to let him be sensible that he is a public offence.

If people will indulge a splenetic humour it is impossible to be at ease when such creatures as are the scandal of our species set up for gallantry and adventures. It will be much more easy therefore to laugh Sir *Taffety* into reason than convert him from his foppery by any serious contempt. I knew a gentleman that made it a maxim to open his doors and ever run into the way of bullies, to avoid their insolence. The rule will hold as well with Coxcombs: they are never mortified but when they see you

receive and despise them; otherwise they rest assured that it is your ignorance makes them out of your good graces; or that it is only want of admittance prevents their being amiable where they are shunned and avoided.

But Sir *Taffety* is a fop of so sanguine a complexion that I fear it will be very hard for the fair one he at present pursues to get rid of the chase without being so tired as, for her own ease, to fall into the mouth of the mongrel she runs from. But the history of Sir *Taffety* is as pleasant as his character.

It happened that when he first set up for a fortune-hunter he chose *Tunbridge* for the scene of action; where were at that time two sisters upon the same design.

The knight believed of course the elder must be the better prize; and consequently makes all his sail that way. People that want sense do always in an egregious manner want modesty, which made our hero triumph in making his amour as public as was possible.

The adored lady was no less vain of his public addresses. An attorney with one cause is not half so restless as a woman with one lover. Wherever they met they talked to each other aloud, chose each other partner at balls, saluted at the most conspicuous parts of the service at church, and practised, in honour of each other, all the remarkable particularities which are

usual for persons who admire one another and are contemptible to the rest of the world.

These two lovers seemed as much made for each other as *Adam* and *Eve*, and all pronounced it a match of Nature's own making. But the night before the nuptials (so universally approved) the younger sister, envious of the good fortune even of her sister, who had been present at most of their interviews and had an equal taste for the charms of a fop (as there are a set of women made for that order of men) the younger, I say, unable to see so rich a prize pass by her, discovered to Sir *Taffety* that a coquet air, much tongue, and three suits was all the portion of his mistress.

His love vanished that moment, himself and equipage the next morning.

It is uncertain where the lover has been ever since engaged; but certain it is he has not appeared in his character as a follower of love and fortune till he arrived at *Epsom*, where there is at present a young lady of youth, beauty, and fortune, who has alarmed all the vain and the impertinent who infest that quarter. At the head of this assembly Sir *Taffety* shines in the brightest manner, with all the accomplishments which usually ensnare the heart of a woman; with this particular merit (which often is of great service) that he is laughed at for her sake.

The friends of the fair one are in much pain for the sufferings she goes through from the perseverance of this hero; but they may be much more so from the danger of his succeeding, towards which they give a helping hand if they dissuade her with bitterness; for there is a fantastical generosity in the sex to approve creatures of the least merit imaginable, when they see the imperfections of their admirers are become marks of derision for their sakes; and there is nothing so frequent as that he who was contemptible to a woman in her own judgment has won her by being too violently opposed by others.

From my own Apartment,

October 5, 1709.

AS bad as the world is I find by very strict observation upon virtue and vice that if men appeared no worse than they really are I should have less work than at present I am obliged to undertake for their reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent.

The other day in a coffee-house I stood by a young heir with a fresh, sanguine, and healthy look, who entertained us with an account of his claps and his diet-drink;

though, to my knowledge, he is as sound as any of his tenants.

This worthy youth put me into reflections upon that subject; and I observed the fantastical humour to be so general that there is hardly a man who is not more or less tainted with it.

The first of this order of men are the *Valetudinarians*, who are never in health but complain of want of stomach or rest every day till noon, and then devour all which comes before them. Lady *Dainty* is convinced that it is necessary for a gentlewoman to be out of order; and to preserve that character she dines every day in her closet at twelve, that she may become her table at two and be unable to eat in public.

About five years ago I remember it was the fashion to be short-sighted: a man would not own an acquaintance till he had first examined him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into the playhouse you might see tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its sight; but the blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and a jaunty limp is the present beauty.

I think I have formerly observed a cane is part of the dress of a Prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for it or be esteemed really, and not genteely, a

cripple. I have considered but could never find out the bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a *Gascon* general who, by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be supposed that in this warlike age some think a cane the next honour to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another.

Before the *Limpers* came in I remember a race of *Lispers*, fine persons who took an aversion to particular letters in our language: some never uttered the letter *H*; and others had as mortal an aversion to *S*. Others have had their fashionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you said twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whose table is every day surrounded with flatterers, that makes use of this, sometimes as a piece of grandeur and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations.

Such affectations have been indeed in the world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. *Alexander the Great* had a wry neck, which made it the fashion in his Court to carry their heads on one side when they came into the presence. One who thought to outshine the whole Court carried his head so over-complaisantly that this martial prince gave him

so great a box on the ear as set all the heads of the Court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman who talks Atheistically all day in coffee-houses, and in his degrees of understanding sets up for a *Free Thinker*; though it can be proved upon him he says his prayers every morning and evening. But this class of modern wits I shall reserve for a chapter by itself.

Of the like turn are all your *Marriage-haters*, who rail at the noose at the words *for ever and aye*, and at the same time are secretly pining for some young thing or other that makes their hearts ache by her refusal. The next to these are such as pretend to govern their wives, and boast how ill they use them; when, at the same time, go to their houses and you shall see them step as if they feared making a noise, and are as fond as an alderman.

I don't know but sometimes these pretences may arise from a desire to conceal a contrary defect than that they set up for. I remember when I was a young fellow we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when we sate in to drink, would desire us to take his sword from him when he grew fuddled, for 'twas his misfortune to be quarrelsome.

There are many, many, of these evils which demand my observation; but because I have of late been thought somewhat too

satirical I shall give them warning and declare to the whole world that they are not true, but false hypocrites; and make it out that they are good men in their hearts.

The motive of this monstrous affectation in the above-mentioned and the like particulars I take to proceed from that noble thirst of fame and reputation which is planted in the hearts of all men. As this produces elegant writings and gallant actions in men of great abilities, it also brings forth spurious productions in men who are not capable of distinguishing themselves by things which are really praiseworthy. As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shows itself in proper instances, the same desire in men who have the ambition without proper faculties runs wild and discovers itself in a thousand extravagances, by which they would signalise themselves from others and gain a set of admirers.

When I was a middle-aged man there were many societies of ambitious young men in *England*, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoking coblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal enterprises, that dispersed their reputation throughout the whole kingdom. One could hardly find a knocker at a door in a whole street after a midnight expedition of these *beaux esprits*. I was

lately very much surprised by an account of my maid, who entered my bed-chamber this morning in a very great fright and told me she was afraid my parlour was haunted; for that she had found several panes of my windows broken and the floor strewed with halfpence. I have not yet a full light into this new way, but am apt to think that it is a generous piece of wit that some of my contemporaries make use of, to break windows and leave money to pay for them.

FIREMEN AND COPPERSMITHS

White's Chocolate-house,

August 29, 1709.

AMONG many phrases which have crept into conversation, especially of such company as frequent this place, there is not one which misleads me more than that of a *fellow of a great deal of fire*.

This metaphorical term *fire* has done much good in keeping coxcombs in awe of one another; but at the same time it has made them troublesome to everybody else. You see in the very air of a *fellow of fire* something so expressive of what he would be at, that if it were not for self-preservation a man would laugh out.

I had last night the fate to drink a bottle with two of these *fire-men*, who are indeed dispersed like the *Myrmidons* in all quarters and to be met with among those of the most different education. One of my companions was a scholar with *fire*; and the other a soldier of the same complexion. My learned man would fall into disputes, and

argue without any manner of provocation or contradiction: the other was decisive without words, and would give a shrug or an oath to express his opinion. My learned man was a mere scholar, and my man of war as mere a soldier. The particularity of the first was ridiculous, that of the second, terrible. They were relations by blood, which in some measure moderated their extravagances towards each other: I gave myself up merely as a person of no note in the company, but as if brought to be convinced that I was an inconsiderable thing, any otherwise than that they would show each other to me and make me spectator of the triumph they alternately enjoyed.

The scholar has been very conversant with books, and the other with men only; which makes them both superficial: for the taste of books is necessary to our behaviour in the best company, and the knowledge of men is required for a true relish of books. But they have both *fire*, which makes one pass for a man of sense and the other for a fine gentleman. I found I could easily enough pass my time with the scholar; for if I seemed not to do justice to his parts and sentiments he pitied me and let me alone. But the warrior could not let it rest there: I must know all that happened within his shallow observations of the nature of the war: to all which he added an air of laziness and contempt of those of his

companions who were eminent for delighting in the exercise and knowledge of their duty.

Thus it is that all the young fellows of much animal life and little understanding that repair to our armies usurp upon the conversation of reasonable men, under the notion of having *fire*.

The word has not been of greater use to shallow lovers to supply them with chat to their mistresses, than it has been to pretended men of pleasure to support them in being pert and dull, and saying of every fool of their order, "Such a one has fire." There is Colonel *Truncheon*, who marches with divisions ready on all occasions; a hero who never doubted in his life, but is ever positively fixed in the wrong, not out of obstinate opinion but invincible stupidity.

It is very unhappy for this latitude of *London* that it is possible for such as can learn only fashion, habit, and a set of common phrases of salutation to pass with no other accomplishments, in this nation of freedom, for men of conversation and sense. All these ought to pretend to is not to offend; but they carry it so far as to be negligent whether they offend or not; *for they have fire*. But their force differs from true spirit as much as a vicious from a mettlesome horse. A *man of fire* is a general enemy to all the waiters where you drink; is the only man affronted at the company's being neglected; and makes the

drawers abroad, his valet de chambre and footman at home, know he is not to be provoked without danger.

This is not the fire that animates the noble *Marinus*, a youth of good nature, affability, and moderation. He commands his ship as an intelligence moves its orb: he is the vital life, and his officers the limbs of the machine. His vivacity is seen in doing all the offices of life with readiness of spirit, and propriety in the manner of doing them. To be ever active in laudable pursuits is the distinguishing character of a man of merit; while the common behaviour of every gay coxcomb of fire is to be confidently in the wrong, and dare to persist in it.

F E L L O W S

From my own Apartment,

August 8, 1709.

WE have one peculiar elegance in our language above all others, which is conspicuous in the term *fellow*.

This word added to any of our adjectives extremely varies, or quite alters, the sense of that with which it is joined. Thus though a modest man is the most unfortunate of all men, yet a modest fellow is as superlatively happy.

A modest fellow is a ready creature, who with great humility, and as great forwardness, visits his patrons at all hours and meets them in all places, and has so moderate an opinion of himself that he makes his court at large. If you won't give him a great employment he will be glad of a little one. He has so great a deference for his benefactors' judgment that as he thinks himself fit for anything he can get so he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young Bachelor of Arts who came to town recommended to a chaplain's place; but none being vacant modestly accepted of that of a postillion.

We have very many conspicuous persons of this undertaking yet modest turn: I have a grandson who is very happy in this quality: I sent him in the time of the last peace into *France*. As soon as he landed at *Calais* he sent me an exact account of the nature of the people and the policies of the King of *France*. I got him since chosen a member of a Corporation: the modest creature, as soon as he came into the Common Council, told a senior burgess he was perfectly out of the orders of their house. In other circumstances he is so thoroughly modest a fellow that he seems to pretend only to things he understands. He is a citizen only at Court, and in the city a courtier.

In a word, to speak the characteristical difference between a modest man and a modest fellow: the modest man is in doubt in all his actions: a modest fellow never has a doubt from his cradle to his grave.

OGLERS

White's Chocolate-house,

*March 13, 1709.**

THIS evening was allotted for taking into consideration a late request of two indulgent parents, touching the care of a young daughter, whom they design to send to a boarding school or keep at home, according to my determination. But I am diverted from that subject by letters which I have received from several ladies, complaining of a certain sect of professed enemies to the repose of the fair sex, called *Oglers*.

These are, it seems, gentlemen who look with deep attention on one object at the playhouses, and are ever staring all round them in churches. It is urged by my correspondents that they do all that is possible to keep their eyes off these ensnarers; but that, by what power they know not, both their diversions and devotions are interrupted by them in such a manner as that they cannot attend either, without

* *Old Style*; i.e., really 1710.

stealing looks at the persons whose eyes are fixed upon them. By this means, my petitioners say, they find themselves grow insensibly less offended, and in time enamoured of these their enemies.

What is required of me on this occasion is, that as I love and study to preserve the better part of mankind, the females, I would give them some account of this dangerous way of assault, against which there is so little defence that it lays ambush for the sight itself and makes them seemingly, knowingly, willingly, and forcibly go on to their own captivity.

This representation of the present state of affairs between the two sexes gave me very much alarm; and I had no more to do but to recollect what I had seen at any one assembly for some years last past to be convinced of the truth and justice of this remonstrance. If there be not a stop put to this evil art, all the modes of address and the elegant embellishments of life which arise out of the noble passion of Love will of necessity decay.

Who would be at the trouble of rhetoric, or study the *Bon Mien*, when his introduction is so much easier obtained by a sudden reverence in a downcast look at the meeting the eye of a fair lady, and beginning again to ogle her as soon as she glances another way? I remember very well when I was last at an opera I could perceive the eyes of the whole audience cast into particular

cross-angles one upon another, without any manner of regard to the stage, though King *Latinus* was himself present when I made that observation. It was then very pleasant to look into the hearts of the whole company; for the balls of sight are so formed that one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart with. The most ordinary beholder can take notice of any violent agitation in the mind, any pleasing transport, or any inward grief in the person he looks at; but one of these oglers can see a studied indifference, a concealed love, or a smothered resentment in the very glances that are made to hide those dispositions of thought.

The Naturalists tell us that the rattlesnake will fix himself under a tree where he sees a squirrel playing; and when he has once got the exchange of a glance from the pretty wanton, will give it such a sudden stroke on its imagination, that though it may play from bough to bough and strive to avert its eyes from it for some time, yet it comes nearer and nearer by little intervals of looking another way, till it drops into the jaws of the animal, which it knew gazed at it for no other reason but to ruin it. I did not believe this piece of philosophy till that night I was just now speaking of; but I then saw the same thing pass between an *Ogler* and a *Coquet*.

Mirtillo, the most learned of the former, had for some time discontinued to visit

Flavia, no less eminent among the latter. They industriously avoided all places where they might probably meet, but chance brought them together to the playhouse and seated them in a direct line over against each other, she in a front box, he in the pit next the stage.

As soon as *Flavia* had received the looks of the whole crowd below her with that air of insensibility which is necessary at the first entrance, she began to look round her and saw the vagabond *Mirtillo*, who had so long absented himself from her circle; and when she first discovered him she looked upon him with that glance which, in the language of *Oggers*, is called the *scornful*, but immediately turned her observation another way, and returned upon him with the *indifferent*.

This gave *Mirtillo* no small resentment; but he used her accordingly. He took care to be ready for her next glance. She found his eyes full in the *indolent*, with his lips crumpled up in the posture of one whistling. Her anger at this usage immediately appeared in every muscle of her face; and after many emotions, which glistened in her eyes, she cast them round the whole house and gave them softnesses in the face of every man she had ever seen before.

After she thought she had reduced all she saw to her obedience, the play began, and ended their dialogue. As soon as the first Act was over she stood up with a

visage full of dissembled alacrity and pleasure, with which she overlooked the audience and at last came to him; he was then placed in a side-way, with his hat slouching over his eyes and gazing at a wench in the side box, as talking of that gypsy to the gentleman who sat by him. But as she was fixed upon him he turned suddenly with a full face upon her, and with all the respect imaginable made her the most obsequious bow in the presence of the whole theatre.

This gave her a pleasure not to be concealed, and she made him the recovering or second courtesy, with a smile that spoke a perfect reconciliation. Between the ensuing Acts they talked to each other with gestures and glances so significant that they ridiculed the whole house in this silent speech, and made an appointment that *Mirtillo* should lead her to her coach.

The peculiar language of one eye, as it differs from another as much as the tone of one voice from another, and the fascination or enchantment which is lodged in the optic nerves of the persons concerned in these dialogues is, I must confess, too nice a subject for one who is not an adept in these speculations; but I shall, for the good and safety of the fair sex, call my learned friend Sir *William Read* to my assistance, and by the help of his observations on this organ acquaint them when the eye is to be believed and when distrusted. On the

contrary, I shall conceal the true meaning of the looks of ladies, and indulge in them all the art they can acquire in the management of their glances: all which is but too little against creatures who triumph in falsehood and begin to forswear with their eyes when their tongues can be no longer believed.

THE CRITIC

*From my own Apartment,
April 28, 1710.*

THERE is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal than that which is generally known by the name of a Critic.

This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that without entering into the sense and soul of an author has a few general rules which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer, and as they quadrate with them pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as unity, style, fire, phlegm, easy, natural, turn, sentiment and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides and throws together in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning.

The marks you may know him by are an elevated eye, and dogmatical brow, a positive voice, and a contempt for everything that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the

pedantry of universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an author that is not known at *Will's*. He hath formed his judgment upon *Homer*, *Horace*, and *Virgil*, not from their own works, but from those of *Rapin* and *Bossu*. He knows his own strength so well that he never dares praise anything in which he has not a *French* author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments Sir *Timothy Tittle* puts men in vogue or condemns them to obscurity, and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies and convulsions which Sir *Timothy* expresses in every feature of his face and muscle of his body upon the reading of a bad poet.

About a week ago I was engaged at a friend's of mine in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters, when in the height of our mirth Sir *Timothy*, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in amongst us puffing and blowing as if he had been very much out of breath.

He immediately called for a chair and desired leave to sit down without any further ceremony.

I asked him where he had been? Whether he was out of order? He only replied that he was quite spent, and fell a cursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry, "*A wicked rogue An execrable*

wretch Was there ever such a monster ! ”

The young ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked whether anyone had hurt him ?

He answered nothing, but still talked to himself.

“ *To lay the first Scene,* ” says he, “ *in St. James’s Park, and the last in Northamptonshire !* ”

“ Is that all ? ” says I. “ Then I suppose you have been at the rehearsal of a play this morning. ”

“ *Been !* ” says he ; “ I have been at *Northampton*, in the *Park*, in a lady’s bed-chamber, in a dining-room, everywhere ; the rogue has led me such a dance. ”

Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse I told him I was glad it was no worse and that he was only metaphoric-ally weary.

“ In short, Sir, ” says he, “ the author has not observed a single unity in his whole play ; the scene shifts in every dialogue ; the villain has hurried me up and down at such a rate that I am tired off my legs. ”

I could not but observe with some pleasure that the young lady whom he made love to conceived a very just aversion towards him upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural sense which makes her a better judge than a thousand critics, she began to rally him upon this foolish humour.

"For my part," says she, "I never knew a play take that was written up to your rules, as you call them."

"How, Madam!" says he. "Is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste."

"It is a pretty kind of magic," says she. "The poets have to transport an audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horses; I could travel round the world at such a rate. 'Tis such an entertainment as an enchantress finds when she fancies herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred out of her cottage."

"Your simile, Madam," says Sir *Timothy*, "is by no means just."

"Pray," says she, "let my similes pass without a criticism. I must confess," continued she (for I found she was resolved to exasperate him) "I laughed very heartily at the last new comedy which you found so much fault with."

"But, Madam," says he, "you ought not to have laughed; and I defy anyone to show me a single rule that you could laugh by."

"Ought not to laugh!" says she; "pray who should hinder me?"

"Madam," says he, "there are such people in the world as *Rapin*, *Dacier*, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth."

"I have heard," says the young lady, "that your great critics are always very bad poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of one and the other as there is between the carriage of a dancing-master and a gentleman. I must confess," continued she, "I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy than I do in a deep tragedy."

"Madam," says Sir *Timothy*, "that is not my fault, they should learn the art of writing."

"For my part," says the young lady, "I should think the greatest art in your writers of comedies is to please."

"To please!" says Sir *Timothy*, and immediately fell a-laughing.

"Truly," says she, "that is my opinion."

Upon this he composed his countenance, looked upon his watch, and took his leave.

I hear that Sir *Timothy* has not been at my friend's house since this notable conference, to the great satisfaction of the young lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent fop.

I must confess I could not but observe with a great deal of surprise how this gentleman by his ill-nature, folly and affectation had made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary pains and looking with such a senseless severity upon the common diversions of life.

INSIPIDS

White's Chocolate-house,

May 1, 1710.

THE world is so overgrown with singularities in behaviour and method of living that I have no sooner laid before mankind the absurdity of one species of men but there starts up to my view some sect of Impertinents that had before escaped notice.

This afternoon as I was talking with fine Mrs. *Sprightly's* porter, and desiring admittance upon an extraordinary occasion, it was my fate to be spied by *Tom Modely* riding by in his chariot. He did me the honour to stop, and asked what I did there of a *Monday*? I answered that I had business of importance which I wanted to communicate to the lady of the house.

Tom is one of those fools who look upon knowledge of the fashion to be the only liberal science; and was so rough as to tell me that a well-bred man would as soon call upon a lady (who keeps a day) at midnight as on any day but that on which she professes being at home. There are rules and decorums which are never to be

transgressed by those who understand the world; and he who offends in that kind ought not to take it ill if he is turned away, even when he sees the person look out at her window whom he enquires for.

"Nay," he said. "My Lady *Dimple* is so positive in this rule that she takes it for a piece of good breeding and distinction to deny herself with her own mouth. Mrs. *Comma*, the great scholar, insists upon it; and I myself have heard her assert that a Lord's porter or a Lady's woman cannot be said to lie in that case, because they act by instruction; and their words are no more their own than those of a puppet."

He was going on with his ribaldry when on a sudden he looked on his watch and said he had twenty visits to make, and drove away without further ceremony. I was then at leisure to reflect upon the tasteless manner of life which a set of idle fellows lead in this town, and spend youth itself with less spirit than other men do their old age. These Expletives in human society, though they are in themselves wholly insignificant, become of some consideration when they are mixed with others.

I am very much at a loss how to define, or under what character, distinction or denomination to place them, except you give me leave to call them the Order of the *Insipids*. This Order is in its extent like that of the Jesuits, and you see of them in every way of life and in every profession.

Tom Modely has long appeared to me at the head of this species. By being habitually in the best company he knows perfectly well when a coat is well cut or a periwig well mounted. As soon as you enter the place where he is he tells the next man to him who is your tailor, and judges of you more from the choice of your periwig-maker than of your friend. His business in this world is to be well dressed; and the greatest circumstance that is to be recorded in his annals is that he wears twenty shirts a week. Thus without ever speaking reason among the men or passion among the women he is everywhere well received; and without any one man's esteem he has every man's indulgence.

This Order has produced great numbers of tolerable copiers in painting, good rhymers in poetry, and harmless projectors in politics. You may see them at first sight grow acquainted by sympathy, insomuch that one who had not studied Nature and did not know the true cause of their sudden familiarities would think that they had some secret intimation of each other, like the Freemasons. The other day at *Will's* I heard *Modely* and a critic of the same Order show their equal talents with great delight. The learned Insipid was commending *Racine's* turns; the genteel Insipid, *Devillier's* curls.

These creatures when they are not forced into any particular employment, for want

of ideas in their own imaginations are the constant plague of all they meet with by enquiries for news and scandal, which makes them the heroes of visiting-days, where they help the design of the meeting, which is to pass away that odious thing called Time in discourses too trivial to raise any reflections which may put well-bred persons to the trouble of thinking.

SHARPERS

White's Chocolate-house,

August 17, 1709.

THERE is a young foreigner committed to my care who puzzles me extremely in the questions he asks about the Persons of Figure we meet in public places. He has but very little of our language, and therefore I am mightily at a loss to express to him things for which they have no word in that tongue to which he was born.

It has been often my answer, upon his asking who such a fine gentleman is, that he is what we call a *Sharper*, and he wants my explication. *I thought it would be very unjust to tell him he is the same the *French* call *Coquin*; the *Latins*, *Nebulo*; or the *Greeks*, *Ράσκαλ*; for as custom is the most powerful of all laws, and that the Order of men we call *Sharpers* are received amongst us not only with permission but favour, I thought it unjust to use them like persons upon no Establishment. Besides that, it would be an unpardonable dishonour to our country to let him leave us with an opinion that our nobility and gentry keep company with common thieves and cheats.

I told him they were a sort of tame Hussars that were allowed in our cities, like the wild ones in our camp, who had all the privileges belonging to us but at the same time were not tied to our discipline or laws.

Aletheus, who is a gentleman of too much virtue for the age he lives in, would not let this matter be thus palliated, but told my pupil that he was to understand that distinction, quality, merit, and industry were laid aside among us by the incursions of these civil Hussars, who had got so much countenance that the breeding and fashion of the age turned their way to the ruin of order and economy in all places where they are admitted.

But *Sophronius*, who never falls into heat upon any subject, but applies proper language, temper, and skill with which the thing in debate is to be treated, told the youth that gentleman had spoken nothing but what was literally true, but fell upon it with too much earnestness to give a true idea of that sort of people he was declaiming against, or to remedy the evil which he bewailed: for the acceptance of these men being an ill which hath crept into the conversation-part of our lives and not into our constitution itself, it must be corrected where it began, and consequently is to be amended only by bringing raillery and derision upon the persons who are guilty, or those who converse with them.

"For the *Sharpers*," continued he, "at present are not as formerly under the acceptation of pick-pockets, but are by custom erected into a real and venerable body of men, and have subdued us to so very particular a deference to them that though they are known to be men without honour or conscience, no demand is called a debt of honour so indisputably as theirs. You may lose your honour to them, but they lay none against you, as the priesthood in Roman Catholic countries can purchase what they please for the Church but can alienate nothing from it.

"It is from this toleration that *Sharpers* are to be found among all sorts of assemblies and companies, and every talent amongst men is made use of by some one or other of the society for the good of their common cause. So that an inexperienced young gentleman is as often ensnared by his understanding as his folly. For who could be unmoved to hear the eloquent *Dromio* explain the Constitution, talk in the key of *Cato*, with the severity of one of the ancient sages, and debate the greatest questions of State in a common chocolate or coffee-house? Who could, I say, hear this generous declamator without being fired at his noble zeal and becoming his professed follower, if he might be admitted? *Monoculus's* gravity would be no less inviting to a beginner in conversation, and the snare of his eloquence would equally catch

one who had never seen an old gentleman so very wise and yet so little severe.

"Many other instances of extraordinary men among the brotherhood might be produced; but every man who knows the town can supply himself with such examples without their being named."

Will Vaser, who is skilful at finding out the ridiculous side of a thing and placing it in a new and proper light (though he very seldom talks) thought fit to enter into this subject. He has lately lost certain loose sums, which half the income of his estate will bring in within seven years; besides which, he proposes to marry, to set all right. He was therefore indolent enough to speak of this matter with great impartiality.

"When I look around me," said this easy gentleman, "and consider in a just balance us bubbles, elder brothers, whose support our dull fathers contrived to depend upon certain acres, with the rooks, whose ancestors left them the wide world, I cannot but admire their fraternity and condemn my own. Is not *Jack Heyday* much to be preferred to the Knight he has bubbled? *Jack* has his equipage, his wenches, and his followers: the Knight so far from a retinue that he is almost one of *Jack's*. However, he is gay, you see, still; a florid outside—his habit speaks the man—and since he must unbutton he would not be

reduced outwardly, but is stripped to his upper coat.

"But though I have great temptation to it, I will not at this time give the history of the losing side but speak the effects of my thoughts, since the loss of my money, upon the gaining people. This ill-fortune makes most men contemplative and given to reading; at least it has happened so to me; and the rise and fall of the Family of Sharpers in all ages has been my contemplation."

I find all times have had of this people. *Homer* in his excellent heroic poem calls them *Myrmidons*, who were a body who kept among themselves and had nothing to lose; therefore never spared either *Greek* or *Trojan* when they fell in their way upon a party. But there is a memorable verse which gives us an account of what broke that whole body and made both *Greeks* and *Trojans* masters of the secret of their warfare and plunder.

There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations; therefore I shall inform you only that in this battalion there were two officers, calls *Thersites* and *Pandarus*. They were both less renowned for their beauty than their wit; but each had this particular happiness, that they were plunged over head and ears in the same water which made *Achilles* invulnerable; and had ever after certain gifts which the rest of the world were never to enjoy. Among others,

they were never to know they were the most dreadful to the sight of all mortals, never to be diffident of their own abilities, never to blush, or ever to be wounded but by each other.

Though some historians say gaming began among the *Lydians* to divert hunger, I could cite many authorities to prove it had its rise at the siege of *Troy*; and that *Ulysses* won the Sevenfold Shield at Hazard. But be that as it may, the ruin of the corps of the *Myrmidons* proceeded from a breach between *Thersites* and *Pandarus*. The first of these was leader of a squadron, wherein the latter was but a private man; but having all the good qualities necessary for a partizan he was the favourite of his officer.

But the whole history of the several changes in the Order of Sharpers, from those *Myrmidons* to our modern men of address and plunder, will require that we consult some ancient manuscripts. As we make these enquiries we shall diurnally communicate them to the public, that the Knights of the Industry may be better understood by the good people of *England*. These sort of men in some ages were sycophants and flatterers only, and were endued with arts of life to capacitate them for the conversation of the rich and great; but now the Bubble courts the Imposter, and pretends at the utmost to be but his equal.

To clear up the reasons and causes in such revolutions, and the different conduct between Fools and Cheats, shall be one of our labours for the good of this kingdom. How therefore pimps, footmen, fiddlers, and lackeys are elevated into Companions in this present age shall be accounted for from the influence of the planet *Mercury* on this island; the ascendancy of which Sharper over *Sol*, who is a patron of the Muses and all honest professions, has been noted by the learned *Job Gadbury* to be the cause, that *Cunning and Trick are more esteemed than Art and Science.*

White's Chocolate-house,

August 19, 1709.

SINCE my last, I have received a letter from *Tom Trump*, to desire that I would do the fraternity of gamesters the justice to own that there are notorious Sharpers who are not of their class.

Among others he presented me with the picture of *Harry Coppersmith* in little, who (he says) is at this day worth half a plumb, by means much more indirect than by false dice. I must confess there appeared some reason in what he asserted; and he met me since and accosted me in the following manner:

"It is wonderful to me, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, that you can pretend to be a man of

penetration, and fall upon us Knights of the Industry as the wickedest of mortals, when there are so many who live in the constant practice of baser methods unobserved. You cannot (though you know the story of myself and the *North-Briton*) but allow I am an honestest man than *Will Coppersmith*, for all his great credit among the *Lombards*. I get my money by men's follies, and he gets his by their distresses. The declining merchant communicates his griefs to him, and he augments them by extortion. If therefore regard is to be had to the merit of the persons we injure, who is the more blameable, he that oppresses an unhappy man or he that cheats a foolish one? All mankind are indifferently liable to adverse strokes of fortune; and he who adds to them when he might relieve them is certainly a worse subject than he who unburdens a man whose prosperity is unwieldy to him. Besides all which, he that borrows of *Coppersmith* does it out of necessity; he that plays with me does it out of choice."

I allowed *Trump* there are men as bad as himself, which is the height of his pretensions; and must confess that *Coppersmith* is the most wicked and impudent of all Sharpers: a creature that cheats with credit, and is a robber in the habit of a friend.

The contemplation of this worthy person made me reflect on the wonderful successes I have observed men of the meanest

capacities meet with in the world, and recollected an observation I once heard a sage man make; which was, that he had observed that in some professions the lower the understanding the greater the capacity. I remember he instanced that of a banker and said that the fewer appetites, passions, and ideas a man had, he was the better for his business.

There is little Sir *Tristram*, without connection in his speech, or so much as common sense, has arrived by his own natural parts at one of the greatest estates amongst us. But honest Sir *Tristram* knows himself to be but a repository for cash: he is just such an utensil as his iron chest, and may rather be said to hold money than possess it. There is nothing so pleasant as to be in the conversation of these wealthy proficientes.

I had lately the honour to drink half a pint with Sir *Tristram*, *Harry Coppersmith*, and *Giles Twoshoes*. These wags give one another credit in discourse according to their purses; they jest by the pound, and make answers as they honour bills. Without vanity I thought myself the prettiest fellow of the company; but I had no manner of power over one muscle in their faces, though they sneered at every word spoken by each other. Sir *Tristram* called for a pipe of tobacco; and telling us tobacco was a *pot herb*, bid the drawer bring him

t'other half-pint. *Twoshoes* laughed at the knight's wit without moderation.

I took the liberty to say it was but a pun.

"A pun!" says *Coppersmith*. "You would be a better man by 10000*l*. if you could pun like Sir *Tristram*."

With that they all burst out together.

The queer curs maintained this style of dialogue till we had drank our quarts a-piece by half-pints. All I could bring away with me is that *Twoshoes* is not worth twenty thousand pounds; for his mirth, though he was as insipid as either of the others, had no more effect upon the company than if he had been a bankrupt.

Will's Coffee-house,

August 29, 1709.

IT is a common objection against writings of a satirical mixture that they hurt men in their reputations and, consequently, in their fortunes and possessions; but a gentleman who frequents this room declared he was of opinion it ought to be so, provided such performances had their proper restrictions.

The greatest evils in human society are such as no Law can come at; as in the case of ingratitude, where the manner of obliging very often leaves the benefactor without means of demanding justice, though that very circumstance should be more binding

to the person who has received the benefit. On such an occasion shall it be possible for the malefactor to escape? And is it not lawful to set marks upon persons who live within the law and do base things? Shall not we use the same protection of those laws to punish them which they have to defend themselves? We shall therefore take it for a very moral action to find a good appellation for offenders, and to turn them into ridicule under feigned names.

I am advertised by a letter of *August* the 25th that the name of *Coppersmith* has very much wanted explanation in the city, and by that means unjustly given, by those who are conscious they deserve it themselves, to an honest and worthy citizen belonging to the *Copper Office*. But that word is framed out of a moral consideration of wealth amongst men, whereby he that has gotten any part of it by injustice and extortion is to be thought in the eye of virtuous men so much the poorer for such gain. Thus all the gold which is torn from our neighbours by making advantage of their wants, is copper; and I authorise the *Lombards* to distinguish themselves accordingly. All the honest, who make a reasonable profit, both for the advantage of themselves and those they deal with, are goldsmiths; but those who tear unjustly all they can, copper-smiths. At the same time I desire him who is most guilty to sit down satisfied with riches and contempt, and be known by the

title of *The Coppersmith*; as being the chief of that respected, contemptible fraternity.

White's Chocolate-house,

August 24, 1709.

*Æ*SOP has gained to himself an immortal renown for figuring the manners, desires, passions, and interests of men by fables of beasts and birds. I shall, in my future accounts of our modern heroes and wits vulgarly called *Sharpers*, imitate the method of that delightful moralist; and think I cannot represent those worthies more naturally than under the shadow of a pack of dogs; for this set of men are, like them, made up of finders, lurchers, and setters. Some search for the prey, others pursue, others take it; and, if it be worth it, they all come in at the death and worry the carcass. It would require a most exact knowledge of the fields and the harbours where the deer lie to recount all the revolutions in the chase.

But I am diverted from the train of my discourse of the fraternity about this Town by letters from *Hampstead*, which give me an account there is a late institution there under the name of a *Raffling Shop*, which is, it seems, secretly supported by a person who is a deep practitioner in the Law, and out of tenderness of conscience has, under

the name of his maid *Sisly*, set up this easier way of conveyancing and alienating estates from one family to another. He is so far from having an intelligence with the rest of the fraternity that all the humbler cheats who appear there are faced by the partners in the bank, and driven off by the reflection of superior brass.

This notice is given to all the silly faces that pass that way, that they may not be decoyed in by the soft allurements of a fine lady, who is the sign to the pageantry. And at the same time Signor *Hawksly*, who is the patron of the household, is desired to leave off this interloping trade, or admit, as he ought to do, the Knights of the Industry to their share in the spoil.

Will's Coffee-house,

September 14, 1709.

THERE is lately broke loose from the London pack a very tall dangerous biter. He is now at the Bath, and it is feared will make a damnable havoc amongst the game. His manner of biting is new, and he is called the Top. He secures one die betwixt his two fingers; the other is fixed by the help of a famous wax, invented by an apothecary since a gamester, a little of which he puts upon his forefinger, and that holds the die in the box at his devotion. Great sums have been lately won by these

ways ; but 'tis hoped that this hint of his manner of cheating will open the eyes of many who are every day imposed upon.

White's Chocolate-house,

June 30, 1710.

THIS day appeared here a figure of a person whose services to the fair sex have reduced him to a kind of existence for which there is no name.

If there be a condition between life and death, without being absolutely dead or living, his state is that. His aspect and complexion in his robust days gave him the illustrious title of *Africanus* : but it is not only from the warm climates in which he has served, nor from the disasters which he has suffered, that he deserves the same appellation with that renowned *Roman* ; but the magnanimity with which he appears in his last moments is what gives him the undoubted character of *Hero*.

Cato stabbed himself, and *Hannibal* drank poison ; but our *Africanus* lives in the continual puncture of aching bones and poisoned juices. The old heroes fled from torments by death, and this modern lives in death and torments, with a heart wholly bent upon a supply for remaining in them. An ordinary spirit would sink under his oppressions, but he makes an advantage of

his very sorrow, and raises an income from his diseases.

Long has this worthy been conversant in bartering, and knows that when stocks are lowest it is the time to buy. Therefore, with much prudence and tranquillity, he thinks that now he has not a bone sound but a thousand nodous parts for which the anatomists have not words, and more diseases than the college ever heard of, it is the only time to purchase an annuity for life.

Sir *Thomas* told me it was an entertainment more surprising and pleasant than can be imagined to see an inhabitant of neither world without hand to lift or leg to move, scarce tongue to utter his meaning, so keen upon biting the whole world and making bubbles at his *exit*. Sir *Thomas* added that he would have bought twelve shillings a year of him, but that he feared there was some trick in it and believed him already dead.

What heightened the tragi-comedy of this market for annuities was that the observation of it provoked *Monoculus* (who is the most eloquent of all men) to many excellent reflections, which he spoke with the vehemence and language both of a gamester and an orator.

"When I cast," said that delightful speaker, "my eye upon thee, thou unaccountable *Africanus*, I cannot but call myself as unaccountable as thou art; for

certainly we were born to show what contradictions Nature is pleased to form in the same species. Here am I, able to eat, to drink, to sleep, and to do all acts of Nature, except begetting my like; and yet by an unintelligible force of spleen and fancy I every moment imagine I am dying. It is utter madness in thee to provide for supper; for I will bet you ten to one you do not live until half an hour after four; and yet I am so distracted as to be in fear every moment, though I will lay ten to three I drink three pints of burnt claret at your funeral three nights hence. After all, I envy thee, thou that hast no sense of death art happier than one that always fears it."

The knight had gone on but that a third man ended the scene by applauding the knight's eloquence and philosophy in a laughter too violent for his own constitution, as much as he mocked that of *Africanus* and *Monoculus*.

White's Chocolate-house,

September 26, 1709.

I CANNOT express the confusion the following letter gave me, which I received by Sir *Thomas* this morning. There cannot be a greater surprise than to meet with sudden enmity in the midst of a familiar and friendly correspondence, which

is my case in relation to this epistle ; and I have no way to purge myself to the world but publishing both it and my answer.

“ Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

You are a very impudent fellow to put me into the *Tatler*. Rot you, Sir, I have more wit than you ; and rot me, I have more money than most fools I have bubbled. All persons of quality admire me ; though rot me if I value a blue garter any more than I do a blue apron. Everybody knows I am brave ; therefore have a care how you provoke
Monoculus.”

The ANSWER.

“ *SIR*,

Did I not very well know your hand, as well by the spelling as the character, I should not have believed yours of to-day had come from you. But when all men are acquainted that I have had all my intelligence from you relating to your fraternity, let them pronounce who is the more impudent. I confess I have had a peculiar tenderness for you, by reason of that luxuriant eloquence of which you are master, and have treated you accordingly ; for which you have turned your florid violence against your ancient friend and schoolfellow. You know in your own conscience you gave me leave to touch upon your vein of speaking, provided I

hid your other talents; in which I believed you sincere, because, like the ancient *Simon*, you have before now suffered yourself to be defaced to carry on a plot. Besides, Sir, Rot me, language for a person of your present station! Fie, fie, I am really ashamed for you, and shall no more depend upon your intelligence. Keep your temper, wash your face, and go to bed.

Isaac Bickerstaff."

For ought I know this fellow may have confused the description of the pack on purpose to ensnare the game, while I have all along believed he was destroying them as well as myself. But because they pretend to bark more than ordinary I shall let 'em see that I will not throw away the whip till they know better how to behave themselves. But I must not at the same time omit the praises of their economy expressed in the following advice:

Sept. 17.

"Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

Though your thoughts are at present employed upon the tables of *fame* and marshalling your illustrious dead, 'tis hoped the living may not be neglected nor defrauded of their just honours. And since you have begun to publish to the world the great sagacity and vigilance of the Knights of the Industry, it will be expected you shall proceed to do justice to all the Societies of them you can be

informed of, especially since their own great industry covers their actions as much as possible from that public notice which is their due.

*Paulum sepultæ distat inertia
Celata Virtus.*

Hidden vice, and concealed virtue,
are much alike.

“Be pleased therefore to let the following memoirs have a place in their history.

“In a certain part of the Town, famous for the freshest oysters and the plainest *English*, there is a house, or rather a college, sacred to hospitality and the industrious Arts. At the entrance is hieroglyphically drawn a cavalier contending with a monster with jaws expanded just ready to devour him.

“Hither the Brethren of the Industry resort; but to avoid ostentation they wear no Habits of distinction and perform their exercises with as little noise and show as possible. Here are no Undergraduates, but each is a Master of his Art. They are distributed according to their various talents, and detached abroad in parties, to divide the labours of the day. They have dogs as well nosed and as fleet as any, and no sportsmen show greater activity. Some beat for the game, some hunt it, others come in at the death; and my honest landlord makes very good venison sauce and eats his share of the dinner.

“ I would fain pursue my metaphors ; but a venerable person who stands by me and waits to bring you this letter, and whom, by a certain benevolence in his look, I suspect to be *Pacolet*, reproves me, and obliges me to write in plainer terms that the Society had fixed their eyes on a gay young gentleman who has lately succeeded to a title and an estate ; the latter of which they judged would be very convenient for them. Therefore, after several attempts to get into his acquaintance my landlord finds an opportunity to make his court to a friend of the young Spark’s in the following manner.

“ ‘ Sir, as I take you to be a lover of ingenuity and plain-dealing, I shall speak very freely to you. In few words then, you are acquainted with Sir *Liberal Brisk*. Providence has for our emolument sent him a fair estate, for men are not born for themselves. Therefore if you’ll bring him to my house we will *take care of him*, and you shall have half the profits. There’s *Ace* and *Cutter* will do his business to a hair. You’ll tell me, perhaps, he’s your friend : I grant it, and ’tis for that I propose it, to prevent his falling into ill hands.

*We’ll carve him like a dish fit for
the gods,
Not hew him like a carcase fit for
hounds.*

“ ‘ In short, there are to my certain knowledge a hundred mouths open for him. Now if we can secure him to ourselves, we shall disappoint all those rascals that don’t deserve him. Nay, you need not start at it, sir, ’tis for your own advantage. Besides, *Partridge* has cast me his nativity, and I find by certain destiny, *his oaks must be felled.*’ ”

“ The gentleman, to whom this honest proposal was made, made little answer, but said he would consider of it; and immediately took coach to find out the young baronet, and told him all that had passed, together with the new salvo to satisfy a man’s conscience in sacrificing his friend. Sir *Brisk* was fired, swore a dozen oaths, drew his sword, put it up again, called for his man, beat him, and bid him fetch a coach. His friend asked him what he designed and whither he was going? He answered, to find out the villains and fight ’em. To which his friend agreed, and promised to be his second, on condition he would first divide his estate to ’em, and reserve only a proportion to himself, that so he might have the justice of fighting his equals. His next resolution was to play with ’em, and let ’em see he was not the Bubble they took him for. But he soon quitted that and resolved at last to tell *Bickerstaff* of ’em and get ’em enrolled in the Order of the *Industry*, with this caution to all young landed Knights and ’Squires,

that whenever they are drawn to play they would consider it as calling 'em down to a sentence already pronounced upon 'em, and think of the sound of those words, *His oaks must be felled*. I am,

SIR,

Your faithful, humble servant,

Will Trusty.

THE MAN OF FASHION

White's Chocolate-house,

August 26, 1709.

TO proceed regularly in the History of my Worthies, I ought to give an account of what has passed from day to day in this place; but a young fellow of my acquaintance has so lately been rescued out of the hands of the Knights of the Industry, that I rather choose to relate the manner of his escape from them, and the uncommon way which was used to reclaim him, than to go on in my intended diary.

You are to know then, that *Tom Wildair* is a student of the *Inner Temple*, and has spent his time, since he left the University for that place, in the common diversions of men of fashion; that is to say in whoring, drinking and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father; but was led into the last by the conversation of a partisan of the *Myrmidons*, who had chambers near him.

His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of sense, but as

scanty for a modern fine gentleman. His frequent losses had reduced him to so necessitous a condition that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors, and all his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to support himself in a way of life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted means to proceed.

There is never wanting some good-natured person to send a man an account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many epistles were conveyed to the father of this extravagant, to inform him of the company, the pleasures, the distresses, and entertainments in which his son passed his time.

The old fellow received these advices with all the pain of a parent, but frequently consulted his pillow to know how to behave himself on such important occasions as the welfare of his son and the safety of his fortune.

After many agitations of mind, he reflected that necessity was the usual snare which made men fall into meanness, and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal and honest mind; he resolved therefore to save him from his ruin by giving him opportunities of tasting what it is to be at ease, and enclosed to him the following order upon Sir *Tristram Cash*.

SIR,

Pray pay to Mr. Tho. Wildair, or order, the sum of one thousand pounds, and place it to the account of.

Yours,

Humphrey Wildair.

Tom was so astonished at the receipt of this order that though he knew it to be his father's hand and that he had always large sums at Sir *Tristram's*, yet a thousand pounds was a trust of which his conduct had always made him appear so little capable that he kept his note by him, till he writ to his father the following letter:

Honoured Father,

I have received an order under your hand for a thousand pounds, in words at length, and I think I could swear it is your own hand. I have looked it over and over twenty thousand times. There is in plain letters, T,H,O,U,S,A,N,D; and after it, the letters P,O,U,N,D,S. I have it still by me, and shall, I believe, continue reading it till I hear from you.

The old gentleman took no manner of notice of the receipt of his letter; but sent him another order for three thousand pounds more.

His amazement on this second letter was unspeakable. He immediately double-locked his door and sate down carefully to

reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read them till he was half mad, he walked six or seven turns in his chamber, then opens his door, then locks it again, and to examine thoroughly this matter he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs against it; then goes into his closet, and locking himself in, read his notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his astonishment.

Soon after, he began to recollect many stories he had formerly heard of persons who had been possessed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in Nature, but had been taken with sudden madness in the midst of a seeming clear and untainted reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and with a design to compose himself he immediately betakes him to his nightcap, with a resolution to sleep himself into his former poverty and senses.

To bed therefore he goes at noonday, but soon rose again, and resolved to visit Sir *Tristram* upon this occasion. He did so, and dined with the Knight, expecting he would mention some advice from his father about paying him money. But no such thing being said,

“Look you, Sir *Tristram*,” said he, “you are to know that an affair has happened, which——”

“Look you,” says *Tristram*, “I know, Mr. *Wildair*, you are going to desire me to

advance; but the late call of the bank, where I have not yet made my last payment, has obliged me——”

Tom interrupted him by showing him the bill of a thousand pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient time, and as often surveyed *Tom's* looks and countenance:

“Look you, Mr. *Wildair*, a thousand pounds——”

Before he could proceed, he shows him the order for three thousand more.

Sir *Tristram* examined the orders at the light, and finding at the writing the name there was a certain stroke in one letter which the father and he had agreed should be to such directions as he desired might be more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the money.

The possession of four thousand pounds gave my young gentleman a new train of thoughts: he began to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations he was born to, and the unsuitable ways he had long pursued. Instead of that unthinking creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and discreet. The father and son have an exact and regular correspondence, with mutual and unreserved confidence in each other. The son looks upon his father as the best tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds the son the most safe banker he could have in the city.

SNUFFERS

Grecian Coffee-house,

June 28, 1709.

THERE is a habit or custom which I have put my patience to the utmost stretch to have suffered so long, because several of my intimate friends are in the guilt; and that is the humour of taking snuff and looking dirty about the mouth by way of ornament.

My method is to dive to the bottom of a sore before I pretend to apply a remedy. For this reason I sate by an eminent storyteller and politician who takes half an ounce in five seconds and has mortgaged a pretty tenement near the town merely to improve and dung his brains with this prolific powder.

I observed this gentleman t'other day in the midst of a story diverted from it by looking at something at a distance, and I softly hid his box. But he returns to his tale, and looking for his box he cries:

"And so Sir——"

Then, when he should have taken a pinch:

"As I was saying." says he, . . . *Has nobody seen my box?"*

His friend beseeches him to finish his narration: then he proceeds:

"*And so Sir, Where can my box be?*" Then turning to me: "*Pray, Sir, did you see my box?*"

"Yes, Sir," said I, "I took it to see how long you could live without it."

He resumes his tale, and I took notice that his dulness was much more regular and fluent than before. A pinch supplied the place of *As I was saying, And so Sir*; and he went on currently enough in that style which the learned call the insipid.

This observation easily led me into a philosophic reason for taking snuff, which is done only to supply with sensations the want of reflection. This I take to be an *Εὐρηκα*, a *nostrum*; upon which I hope to receive the thanks of this board. For as it is natural to lift a man's hand to a sore when you fear anything coming at you, so when a person feels his thoughts are run out and has no more to say, it is natural to supply his weak brain with powder at the nearest place of access, *viz.*, the nostrils. This is so evident, that Nature suggests the use according to the indigence of the persons who use this medicine without being prepossessed with the force of fashion or custom. For example: the native *Hibernians*, who are reckoned not much unlike the ancient *Bæotians*, take this specific for emptiness in the head in

greater abundance than any other nation under the sun. The learned *Scotus*, as sparing as he is in his words, would be still more silent if it were not for this powder.

However low and poor, the taking snuff argues a man to be in his own stock of thoughts, or means to employ his brains and his fingers; yet there is a poorer creature in the world than he, and this is a borrower of snuff: a fellow that keeps no box of his own but is always asking others for a pinch. Such poor rogues put me always in mind of a common phrase among schoolboys when they are composing their exercise, who run to an upper scholar and cry *Pray give me a little sense*.

But of all things commend me to the ladies who are got into this pretty help to discourse. I have been this three years persuading *Sagissa* to leave it off: but she talks so much and is so learned that she is above contradiction. However, an accident t'other day brought that about which my eloquence never could accomplish. She had a *very pretty fellow* in her closet, who ran thither to avoid some company that came to visit her. She made an excuse to go in to him for some implement they were talking of. Her eager gallant snatched a kiss; but being unused to snuff, some grains from off her upper lip made him sneeze aloud, which alarmed the visitants and has made a discovery that profound reading,

very much intelligence, and a general knowledge of who and who's together, cannot fill her vacant hours so much but that she is sometimes obliged to descend to entertainments less intellectual.

SWEARERS

Sheer Lane,

*February 22, 1710.**

DICK REPTILE and I sat this evening later than the rest of the Club; and as some men are better company when only with one friend, others when there is a larger number, I found *Dick* to be of the former kind. He was bewailing to me in very just terms the offences which he frequently met with in the abuse of speech. Some use ten times more words than they need, some put in words quite foreign to their purpose, and others adorn their discourses with oaths and blasphemies by way of tropes and figures.

What my good friend started dwelt upon me after I came home this evening and led me into an enquiry with myself, Whence should arise such strange excrescences in discourse? Whereas it must be obvious to all reasonable beings that the sooner a man speaks his mind the more complaisant he is to the man with whom he talks; but upon mature deliberation I am come to this resolution, that for one man who speaks to

* *Old Style*; i.e., really 1711.

be understood there are ten who talk only to be admired.

The ancient *Greeks* had little independent syllables called expletives, which they brought into their discourses both in verse and prose for no other purpose but for the better grace and sound of their sentences and periods. I know no example but this which can authorise the use of more words than are necessary. But whether it be from this freedom taken by that wise nation or however it arises, *Dick Reptile* hit upon a very just and common cause of offence in the generality of the people of all orders.

We have one here in our lane who speaks nothing without quoting an authority; for it is always with him So and so, *as the man said*. He asked me this morning how I did, *as the man said?* and hoped I would come now and then to see him, *as the man said*. I am acquainted with another who never delivers himself upon any subject but he cries: He only speaks his *poor judgment*; this is his *humble opinion*; as for his part, if he *might presume* to offer anything on that subject.

But of all the persons who add elegances and superfluities to their discourses, those who deserve the foremost rank are the *Swearers*; and the lump of these may, I think, be very aptly divided into the common distinction of High and Low. Dulness and barrenness of thought is the original of it in both these sects, and they

differ only in constitution: the Low is generally a phlegmatic, and the High a choleric coxcomb. The man of phlegm is sensible of the emptiness of his discourse, and will tell you that "*I' fackins*, such a thing is true." Or if you warm him a little he may run into passion and cry, "*Odsbodikins*, you do not say right." But the High affects a sublimity in dulness, and invokes hell and damnation at the breaking of a glass or the slowness of a drawer.

I was the other day trudging along *Fleet Street* on foot, and an old Army friend came up with me. We were both going towards *Westminster*, and finding the streets were so crowded that we could not keep together we resolved to club for a coach. This gentleman I knew to be the first of the Order of the Choleric. I must confess (were there no crime in it) nothing could be more diverting than the impertinence of the high juror: for whether there is remedy or not against what offends him, still he is to show he is offended, and he must sure not omit to be magnificently passionate by falling on all things in his way.

We were stopped by a train of coaches at *Temple Bar*.

"What the devil!" says my companion, "cannot you drive on, coachman? D——n you all, for a set of sons of whores, you will stop here to be paid by the hour! There is not such a set of confounded dogs as the coachmen unhang'd! But these

rascally cits . . . 'Ounds, why should not there be a tax to make these dogs widen their gates? Oh! but the hell-hounds move at last."

"Ay," said I, "I knew you would make 'em whip on if once they heard you."

"No," says he, "but would it not fret a man to the devil to pay for being carried slower than he can walk? Look'ee, there is for ever a stop at this hole by St. *Clement's* Church. Blood, you dog! . . . Hark'ee, sirrah! . . . Why, and be d——n'd to you, do you not drive over that fellow? . . . Thunder, furies, and damnation! I'll cut your ears off, you fellow before there. . . . Come hither, you dog you, and let me wring your neck round your shoulders."

We had a repetition of the same eloquence at the *Cockpit* and the turning into *Palace Yard*.

This gave me a perfect image of the insignificancy of the creatures who practise this enormity; and made me conclude that it is ever want of sense makes a man guilty in this kind. It was excellently well said that this folly had no temptation to excuse it, no man being born of a swearing constitution. In a word, a few rumbling words and consonants clapped together without any sense will make an accomplished *Swearer*. And it is needless to dwell long upon this blustering impertinence which is already banished out of the society of well-bred

men and can be useful only to bullies and ill tragic writers, who would have sound and noise pass for courage and sense.

WHETTERS

Sheer Lane,

*February 24, 1709.**

WHEREAS Mr. Bickerstaff, by a letter bearing date this 24th of February, has received information that there are in and about the Royal Exchange a sort of people commonly known by the name of Whetters, who drink themselves into an intermediate state of being neither drunk or sober before the hours of 'Change or business, and in that condition buy and sell Stocks, discount Notes, and do many other acts of well disposed citizens; this is to give Notice, that from this day forward no Whetter shall be able to give or endorse any Note, or execute any other point of commerce, after the third half-pint before the hour of one; and whoever shall transact any matter or matters with a Whetter (not being himself of that Order) shall be conducted to Moorfields upon the first application of his next a-kin.

N.B.—No tavern near the 'Change shall deliver wine to such as drink at the bar

* Old Style; i.e., really 1710.

standing, except the same shall be three parts of the best cyder; and the master of the house shall produce a certificate of the same from Mr. Tintoret, or some other credible wine-painter.

Chancery Lane,

Febr. 27, 1709.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

Your Notice in the advertisement in your Tatler of Saturday last about Whetters in and about the Royal Exchange is mightily taken notice of by gentlemen who use the coffee-houses near the Chancery Office in Chancery Lane; and there being a particular certain set of both young and old gentlemen that belong to and near adjoining to the Chancery Office, both in Chancery Lane and Bell Yard, that are not only Whetters all the morning long but very musically given about twelve at night, the same days, and mightily taken with the union of the dulcimer, violin and song; at which recreation they rejoice together with perfect harmony, however their clients disagree; you are humbly desired by several gentlemen to give some regulation concerning them; in which you will contribute to the repose of us, who are

Your very humble servants,

L.T. N.F. T.W.

These *Whetters* are a people I have considered with much pains, and find them to differ from a sect I have hitherto spoken of, called *Snuff-takers*, only in the expedition they take in destroying their brains. The *Whetter* is obliged to refresh himself every moment with a liquor, as the *Snuff-taker* with a powder.

As for their harmony in the evening I have nothing to object, provided they remove to *Wapping* or the *Bridge-Foot*, where it is not to be supposed that their vociferations will annoy the studious, the busy, or the contemplative. I once had lodgings in *Gray's Inn*, where we had two hard students who learned to play upon the hautboy; and I had a couple of chamber-fellows over my head not less diligent in the practice of back-sword and single-rapier. I remember these gentlemen were assigned by the Benchers the two houses at the end of the terrace-walk, as the only places fit for their meditations. Such students as will let none improve but themselves ought indeed to have their proper distances from societies.

The gentlemen of loud mirth above-mentioned I take to be, in the quality of their crime, the same as eaves-droppers; for they who will be in your company whether you will or no are to as great a degree offenders as they who hearken to what passes without being of your company at all.

The ancient punishment for the latter, when I first came to this Town, was the blanket, which, I humbly conceive, may be as justly applied to him that bawls as to him that listens. It is therefore provided for the future, that (except in the long vacation) no retainers to the Law, with dulcimer, violin, or any other instrument, in any tavern within a furlong of an Inn of Court, shall sing any tune or pretended tune whatsoever, upon pain of the blanket, to be administered according to the discretion of all such peaceable people as shall be within the annoyance. And it is further directed that all clerks who shall offend in this kind shall forfeit their indentures and be turned over as assistants to the clerks of parishes within the bills of mortality, who are hereby empowered to demand them accordingly.

CLUB MEN

Sheer Lane,

*February 10, 1709.**

AFTER having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly.

This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy honest men, with whom I have passed many hours with much indolence though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep: it takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that state of tranquillity which is the condition of a thinking man when he is but half awake.

After this, my reader will not be surprised to hear the account which I am about to give of a Club of my own contemporaries, among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed. The truth

* *Old Style; i.e., really 1710.*

of it is I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the *Trumpet*, of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years.

Our Club consisted originally of fifteen; but partly by the severity of the Law in arbitrary times and partly by the natural effects of old age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number; in which, however, we have this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons. I must confess, besides the aforementioned benefit, which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company in that I find myself the greatest wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir *Jeoffery Notch*, who is the oldest of the Club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This our foreman is a gentleman of an ancient family that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major *Matchlock* is the next senior, who served in the last Civil Wars and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in *Europe* worth talking of since the fight of *Marston Moor*: and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the *London* apprentices; for which he is in great esteem among us.

Honest old *Dick Reptile* is the third of our society. He is a good-natured indolent man, who speaks little himself but laughs at our jokes, and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to show him good company and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth or laughs at anything that passes he is constantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner:

“*Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are.*”

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a Bencher of the neighbouring Inn who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about *Charing Cross* and pretends to have been intimate with *Jack Ogle*. He has about ten distichs of *Hudibras* without book, and never leaves the Club till he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned or any town frolic spoken of he shakes his head at the dulness of the present age and tells us a story of *Jack Ogle*.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them because they see I am something respected by others; though at the same time I understand by their behaviour that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning but no knowledge of the world; insomuch that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the Philosopher. And Sir *Jeoffery*, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in *Holland*, pulled his pipe out of his mouth and cried, "What does the scholar say to it?"

Our Club meets precisely at six o'clock in the evening; but I did not come last night till half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the Battle of *Naseby*, which the Major usually begins at about three quarters after six. I found also that my good friend the Bencher had already spent three of his distichs and was only waiting an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of that he might introduce the couplet where *a stick* rhymes to *ecclesiastic*. At my entrance into the room they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the Bencher had been diverting them with a story of *Jack Ogle*.

I had no sooner taken my seat but Sir *Jeoffery*, to show his goodwill towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality to be obliged by those

who endeavour to oblige me ; and therefore in requital for his kindness and to set the conversation a-going I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old *Gantlett*, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This *Gantlett* was a game-cock upon whose head the Knight, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds and lost two thousand. This naturally set the Major upon the account of *Edge Hill* fight, and ended in a duel of *Jack Ogle's*.

Old *Reptile* was extremely attentive to all that was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years, and upon all occasions winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out till about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lantern to light me home.

I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humour of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propensity in discourse which would make him venerable. I must own it makes me very melancholy in company when I hear a young man begin

a story; and have often observed that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five and twenty gathers circumstances every time he tells it, till it grows into a long *Canterbury* tale of two hours by the time he is three score.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age is to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observations as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we who are in the last stage of life and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk ought to consider if what we speak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our discourse like that of *Nestor*, which *Homer* compares to the flowing of honey for its sweetness.

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of when I cannot conclude without observing that *Milton* certainly thought of this passage in *Homer* when, in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says *his tongue dropped manna*.

From my own Apartment,

October 25, 1709.

When I came home last night my servant delivered me the following letter:—

“SIR,

October 24.

I HAVE orders from Sir *Harry Quickset*, of *Staffordshire*, Bart., to acquaint you that his Honour Sir *Harry* himself, Sir *Giles Wheelbarrow*, Kt., *Thomas Rent-free*, Esq., Justice of the *Quorum*, *Andrew Windmill*, Esq., and Mr. *Nicholas Doubt* of the *Inner Temple*, Sir *Harry's* grandson, will wait upon you at the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being *Tuesday* the 25th of *October*, upon business which Sir *Harry* will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you beforehand so many persons of quality came, that you might not be surprised therewith. Which concludes, though by many years' absence since I saw you at *Stafford*, unknown,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,
John Thrifty.

I received this message with less surprise than I believe Mr. *Thrifty* imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach. But I was in a very great concern how I should adjust the ceremonial and demean myself to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen

anything above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that's the case of Sir *Harry*. Besides which I was sensible that there was a great point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple 'Squire, so as to give him satisfaction and not disoblige the Justice of the *Quorum*.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and 'I had no sooner set chairs (by the Steward's letter) and fixed my tea-equipage but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened but no one entered. After which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by :

"Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better——"

And another voice :

"Nay, good Sir *Giles*——"

I looked out from my window and saw the good company all with their hats off and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers they entered with much solemnity, in the order Mr. *Thrifty* was so kind as to name 'em to me. But they are now got to my chamber door and I saw my old friend Sir *Harry* enter.

I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable; for you are to know that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire without throwing down any of my cups.

The Knight-Batchelor told me he had a great respect for my whole family and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir *Harry*, at whose right hand he had sat at every Quarter Sessions this thirty years, unless he was sick. The Steward in the rear whispered the Young Templer, "That's true to my knowledge."

I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek by jole, to desire the 'Squire to sit down before the Justice of the *Quorum*, to the no small satisfaction of the former and resentment of the latter. But I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats.

"Well," said I, "gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of tea."

They answered one and all that they never drank tea in a morning.

"Not in a morning!" said I, staring round me.

Upon which the pert jackanapes *Nic. Doubt* tipped me the wink and put out his tongue at his grandfather.

Here followed a profound silence, when the Steward in his boots and whip proposed that we should adjourn to some public house, where everybody might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business.

We all stood up in an instant, and Sir *Harry* filed off from the left very discreetly, countermarching behind the chairs towards

the door. After him Sir *Giles* in the same manner. The simple 'Squire made a sudden start to follow; but the Justice of the *Quorum* whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid going up with coals made us halt and put us into such confusion that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order: for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step till Sir *Harry* moved first.

We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, till we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir *Harry* asking what it was, I, to make them move, said it was Fire. Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, till we got into the street, where we drew up in a very good order and filed off down *Sheer Lane*, the impertinent Templer driving us before him as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

I must confess I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the Justice and the 'Squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I overheard him whisper the Steward that he thought it hard that a common conjurer should take place of him, though an elder 'Squire.

In this order we marched down *Sheer Lane*, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to *Temple Bar*, Sir *Harry* and Sir *Giles* got over; but a run of the coaches kept the rest of us on this side of the street. However, we all at last landed and drew up in very good order before *Ben. Tooke's* shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity. From whence we proceeded again till we came to *Dick's* coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony.

We proceeded through the entry and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation that we were now got into the coffee-house itself, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it inclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity.

Sir *Harry* called for a mug of ale and *Dyer's Letter*. The boy brought the ale in an instant; but said they did not take in the Letter.

"No!" says Sir *Harry*. "Then take back your mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house."

Here the Templer tipped me a second wink, and if I had not looked very grave upon him I found he was disposed to be

very familiar with me. In short, I observed after a long pause that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business till after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third. After which Sir *Harry* reached over to me and told me in a low voice that the place was too public for business; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings and bring some more friends with him.

THE POLITICIAN

From my own Apartment,

April 5, 1710.

THERE lived some years since within my neighbourhood a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance.

Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the *Post-Man*; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any *Dutch* mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in *Poland* than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King *Augustus's* welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news,

and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind.

This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite Prince left the Crown of *Poland* he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in *St. James's Park*, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me; and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great coat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee.

Upon his coming up to me I was going to enquire into his present circumstances, but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from *Bender*? I told him, none that I heard of; and asked him whether he had yet married his eldest daughter? He told me, No.

"But pray," says he, "tell me sincerely what are your thoughts of the King of *Sweden*?" For though his wife and children were starving I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch.

I told him that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age.

"But pray," says he, "do you think there is anything in the story of his wound?"

And finding me surprised at the question,

"Nay," says he, "I only propose it to you."

I answered that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it.

"But why in the heel," says he, "more than in any other part of the body?"

"Because," said I, "the bullet chanced to light there."

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the *North*; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *English Post*, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject.

"The *Daily Courant*," says he, "has these words, *We have advices from very good hands, that a certain Prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.* This is very mysterious; but the *Post-Boy* leaves us more in the dark, for he tells, *That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain Prince which time will bring to light.* Now the *Post-Man* (says he) who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words: *The late*

conduct of a certain Prince affords great matter of speculation.

"This certain Prince," says the upholsterer, "whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be——"

Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worthy my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the *Mall*, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them Politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief Politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from *Muscovy* it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the *Black Sea*, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added that for his part he could not wish to see the *Turk* driven out of *Europe*, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture.

He then told us that he looked upon those extraordinary Revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who

were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince *Menzikoff*, and the Duchess of *Mirandola*. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints and such a show of depth and wisdom that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born *Englishmen*: Whether, in case of a Religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the *West Indies*, assured us that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at sea; and added that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the *Leeward* Islands.

Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of *Europe*, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of *Norway* and *Greenland*, provided the Northern Crowns hold together, and the Czar of *Muscovy* stand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort that there were vast tracts of land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the *Roman Catholic* dominions in *Europe*.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace, in which he deposed Princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of *Europe* with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company and was going away, but had not gone thirty yards before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that he desired me in my ear to lend him half a crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him if he pleased I would give him five shillings, to receive pounds of him when the great *Turk* was driven out of *Constantinople*; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of *Europe* now stand.

This paper I design for the particular benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the Allies that they forget their customers.

From my own Apartment,

April 17, 1710.

A COMMON civility to an impertinent fellow often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and if one doth not take particular care will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy.

This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, till my maid could get herself ready to go down and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me up word that there was a gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me.

By the description she gave me of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the upholsterer, whom I met the other day in *St. James's Park*. For which reason I bid her tell the gentleman, whoever he was, that I was indisposed, that I could see nobody, and that if he had anything to say to me I desired he would leave it in writing.

My maid, after having delivered her message, told me that the gentleman said he would stay at the next coffee-house till I was stirring; and bid her be sure to tell me that the *French* were driven from the *Scarpe*, and that *Douay* was invested. He

gave her the name of another town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the success of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day, and was therefore very much out of humour at this unseasonable visit.

I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap; and upon my maid's opening the door heard the same voice ask her if her master was yet up? And at the same time bid her tell me that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of home news that everybody in town will be full of two hours hence.

I ordered my maid, as soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the gentleman that whatever his news was I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I persisted in my resolution not to speak with anybody that morning. The wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door.

It was impossible for me to compose myself to sleep after two such unexpected alarms; for which reason I put on my clothes in a very peevish humour. I took several turns about my chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on these volunteers in politics that undergo all the pain, watchfulness, and disquiet of a first Minister without turning it to the

advantage either of themselves or their country.

And yet it is surprising to consider how numerous this species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a tailor breaking his rest on the affairs of *Europe*, and to see a cluster of porters sitting upon the Ministry. Our streets swarm with Politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a statesman.

As I was musing after this manner I heard the upholsterer at the door delivering a letter to my maid and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her master as soon as ever he was awake, which I opened and found as follows:

“ Mr. Bickerstaff,

I was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know that the honest gentlemen whom you conversed with upon the bench at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five shillings of you to give you a hundred pounds upon the great Turk's being driven out of Europe, desired me to acquaint you that everyone of that company would be willing to receive five shillings, to pay a hundred pounds on the same condition. Our last advices from Muscovy making this a fairer bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.

But this is not my present business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your

ear as we were walking up the Mall, and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour as I did this; my private circumstances being such that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other transactions of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not slept a wink these three nights.

I have reason to believe that Picardy will soon follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you the last time we were together my opinion about the Deulle.

The honest gentlemen upon the bench bid me tell you they would be glad to see you often among them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day, during the present posture of affairs.

This happy opening of the campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful Summer; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies.

Farewell till three a-clock to-morrow
morning. I am

Your most humble servant, etc.

P.S.—The King of *Sweden* is still at
Bender.

I should have fretted myself to death at this promise of a second visit if I had not found in his letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard at large. I have, however, ordered my maid to tie up the knocker of my door in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my morning's rest.

THE FREETHINKER

Sheer Lane,

*February 18, 1710.**

WHEN I was a young man about this Town I frequented the Ordinary of the *Black Horse* in *Holbourn*, where the person that usually presided at the table was a rough old-fashioned gentleman, who, according to the customs of those times, had been the Major and preacher of a regiment.

It happened one day that a noisy young officer, bred in *France*, was venting some new-fangled notions and speaking, in the gaiety of his humour, against the dispensations of Providence. The Major at first only desired him to talk more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more serious manner.

"Young man," said he, "do not abuse your benefactor whilst you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonour."

* *Old Style*; i.e., really 1711.

The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him if he was going to preach? But at the same time desired him to take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honour.

"A man of honour!" says the Major; "thou art an infidel and a blasphemmer, and I shall use thee as such."

In short the quarrel ran so high that the Major was desired to walk out.

Upon their coming into the garden the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might drive him; but finding him grow upon him to a degree of scurrility as believing the advice proceeded from fear:

"Sirrah," says he, "if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker and thy sauciness to his servant."

Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice, "*The sword of the Lord and of Gideon*"; which so terrified his antagonist that he was immediately disarmed and thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life; but the Major refused to grant it before he had asked pardon for his offence in a short extemporary prayer which the old gentleman dictated to him upon the spot, and which his proselyte repeated after him in the presence of the whole Ordinary that were now gathered about him in the garden.

THE SOLDIER

From my own Apartment,

April 26, 1710.

THE most formidable part of my correspondents are those whose letters are filled with threats and menaces. I have been treated so often after this manner that, not thinking it sufficient to fence well, in which I am now arrived at the utmost perfection, and carry pistols about me, which I have always tucked within my girdle, I several months since made my Will, settled my estate, and took leave of my friends, looking upon myself as no better than a dead man.

Nay, I went so far as to write a long letter to the most intimate acquaintance I have in the world, under the character of a departed person, giving him an account of what brought me to that untimely end, and of the fortitude with which I met it. This letter being too long for the present paper, I intend to print it by itself very suddenly; and at the same time I must confess I took my hint of it from the behaviour of an old soldier in the Civil Wars, who was corporal of a Company in

a Regiment of Foot about the same time that I myself was a cadet in the King's Army.

This gentleman was taken by the enemy; and the two parties were upon such terms at that time that we did not treat each other as prisoners of war but as traitors and rebels. The poor corporal being condemned to die, wrote a letter to his wife when under sentence of execution. He writ on the *Thursday*, and was to be executed on the *Friday*; but considering that the letter would not come to his wife's hands till *Saturday*, the day after execution, and being at that time more scrupulous than ordinary in speaking exact truth, he formed his letter rather according to the posture of his affairs when she should read it than as they stood when he sent it; though it must be confessed there is a certain perplexity in the style of it, which the reader will easily pardon, considering his circumstances.

Dear Wife,

Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing; This is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was hanged, drawn and quartered. I died very penitently, and everybody thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children.

Yours till death,

W. B.

It so happened that this honest fellow was relieved by a party of his friends, and had the satisfaction to see all the rebels hanged who had been his enemies.

I must not omit a circumstance which exposed him to raillery his whole life after. Before the arrival of the next post, that would have set all things clear, his wife was married to a second husband, who lived in the peaceable possession of her ; and the corporal, who was a man of plain understanding, did not care to stir in the matter, as knowing that she had the news of his death under his own hand, which she might have produced upon occasion.

THE BOATSWAIN

From my own Apartment,

August 31, 1709.

OF all the disinterested professors I have ever heard of, I take the boatswain of *Dampier's* ship to be the most impudent, but the most excusable.

You are to know that in the wild searches that navigator was making, they happened to be out at sea, far distant from any shore, in want of all the necessaries of life; insomuch that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew.

In such an extreme necessity, all forms of superiority were laid aside: the captain and lieutenant were safe only by being carrion, and the unhappy boatswain in danger only by being worth eating.

To be short, the company were unanimous, and the boatswain must be cut up.

He saw their intention, and desired he might speak a few words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows:—

Gentlemen Sailors,

Far be it that I should speak it for any private interest of my own, but I take it that I should not die with a good conscience if I did not confess to you that I am not sound. I say, gentlemen, justice and the testimony of a good conscience, as well as love of my country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own that Black Kate at Deptford has made me very unsafe to eat; and (I speak it with shame) I am afraid, gentlemen, I should poison you.

This speech had a good effect in the boatswain's favour; but the surgeon of the ship protested he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first steak of him himself.

The boatswain replied (like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time) that he was heartily glad if he could be for their service, and thanked the surgeon for his information.

"However," said he, "I must inform you, for your own good, that I have ever since my cure been very thirsty and dropsical; therefore I presume it would be much better to tap me and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no man in the ship fit to be drank."

As he was going on with his harangue a fresh gale arose, and gave the crew hopes of a better repast at the nearest shore, to which they arrived next morning.

Most of the self-denials we meet with are of this sort ; therefore I think he acts fairest who owns he hopes at least to have brother's fare, without professing that he gives himself up with pleasure to be devoured for the preservation of his fellows.

THE POET

Will's Coffee-house,

April 24, 1710.

I YESTERDAY came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the newspapers; but upon my sitting down I was accosted by *Ned Softly*, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something.

"*Mr. Bickerstaff*," says he, "I observe by a late paper of yours that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinencies there is nothing which I so much hate as news. I never read a *Gazette* in my life; and never trouble my head about our Armies, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped."

Without giving me time to reply he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably, and that he

would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us till the company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet and a great admirer of easy lines. *Waller* is his favourite; and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great *English* poets, *Ned Softly* has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occasion, to show his reading and garnish his conversation. *Ned* is indeed a true *English* reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this Art; but wonderfully pleased with the little *Gothick* ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our *English* poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the Ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow.

"You must understand," says *Ned*, "that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who showed me some verses of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best poet of our Age. But you shall hear it."

Upon which he began to read as follows:

To *MIRA*, on her incomparable Poems.

I.

*When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.*

II.

*I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)
Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing;
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.*

"Why," says I, "this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt; every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram (for so I think you critics call it) as ever entered into the thought of a poet."

"Dear Mr. *Bickerstaff*," says he, shaking me by the hand, "everybody knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over *Roscommon's* translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry* three several times before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it; for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine,

"That is," says he, "when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses."

To which I replied,

"I know your meaning: a metaphor!"

"The same," said he, and went on:

And tune your soft melodious notes,

"Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it."

"Truly," said I, "I think it as good as the former."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," says he; "but mind the next:

You seem a sister of the Nine,

"That is," says he, "you seem a sister of the Muses; for if you look into ancient authors you will find it was their opinion that there were nine of them."

"I remember it very well," said I; "but pray proceed."

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

"*Phœbus*," says he, "was the God of Poetry. These little instances, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, show a gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of learning which *Phœbus* and the Muses have given to

this first stanza, you may observe how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; *in petticoats!*

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

"Let us now," says I, "enter upon the second stanza. I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor."

I fancy, when your song you sing,

"It is very right," says he; "but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me whether in the second line it should be *Your song you sing*, or *You sing your song*. You shall hear them both:

*I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)*

"Or,

*I fancy, when your song you sing,
(You sing your song with so much art)*

"Truly," said I, "the turn is so natural either way that you have made me almost giddy with it."

"Dear sir," said he, grasping me by the hand, "you have a great deal of patience;

but pray what do you think of the next verse?

Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing ;

"Think!" says I. "I think you have made *Cupid* look like a little goose."

"That was my meaning," says he. "I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

For, Ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Pray how do you like that *Ah!* Doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!* It looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For, Ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"My friend *Dick Easy*," continued he, "assured me he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have been the author of the *Æneid*. He indeed objected that I made *Mira's* pen like a quill in one of the lines and like a dart in the other. But as to that——"

"Oh! as to that," says I, "it is but supposing *Cupid* to be like a porcupine and his quills and darts will be the same thing."

He was going to embrace me for the hint, but half a dozen critics coming into the room whose faces he did not like, he

conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

THE AUTHOR

From my own Apartment,

November 7, 1709.

A VERY pleasant gentleman of my acquaintance told me one day a story of the falsehood and vanity in an author.

Mævius showed him a paper of verses which he said he had received that morning by the penny post from an unknown hand. My friend admired them extremely.

"Sir," said he, "this must come from a man that is eminent: you see fire, life, and spirit run through the whole, and at the same time a correctness, which shows he is used to writing. Pray, sir, read them over again."

He begins again, title and all:

"To *Mævius* on his incomparable poems."

The second reading was performed with much more vehemence and action than the former; after which my friend fell into downright raptures.

"Why, they are truly sublime! There is energy in this line, description in that! Why, it is the thing itself! This is perfect picture!"

Mævius could bear no more ; but,
“Faith,” says he, “*Ned*, to tell you the plain truth, I writ them myself.”

There goes just such another story of the same paternal tenderness in *Bavius*, an ingenious contemporary of mine, who had writ several comedies, which were rejected by the players. This my friend *Bavius* took for envy, and therefore prevailed upon a gentleman to go with him to the play-house, and gave him a new play of his, desiring he would personate the author and read it, to baffle the spite of the actors. The friend consented, and to reading they went.

They had not gone over three similes before *Roscius* the player made the acting author stop, and desired to know what he meant by such a rapture? And how it came to pass that in this condition of the lover, instead of acting according to his circumstances, he spent his time in considering what his present state was like?

“That is very true,” says the mock author ; “I believe we had as good strike these lines out.”

“By your leave,” says *Bavius*, “you shall not spoil your play, you are too modest ; those very lines, for aught I know, are as good as any in your play, and they shall stand.”

Well, they go on, and the particle “and” stood unfortunately at the end of a verse, and was made to rhyme to the word “stand.” This *Roscius* excepted against. The new

poet gave up that too, and said he would not dispute for a monosyllable.

"For a monosyllable!" says the real author. "I can assure you, a monosyllable may be of as great force as a word of ten syllables. I tell you, sir, 'and' is the connexion of the matter in that place; without that word, you may put all that follows into any other play as well as this. Besides, if you leave it out it will look as if you had put it in only for the sake of the rhyme."

Roscius persisted, assuring the gentleman that it was impossible to speak it, but the "and" must be lost, so it might as well be blotted out. *Bavius* snatched his play out of their hands, said they were both block-heads, and went off; repeating a couplet, because he would not make his *exit* irregularly.

A witty man of these days compared this true and feigned poet to the contending mothers before *Solomon*; the true one was easily discovered from the pretender, by refusing to see his offspring dissected.

DRUMS, LUTES, AND TRUMPETS

From my own Apartment,

March 31, 1710.

I HAVE heard of a very valuable picture, wherein all the painters of the Age in which it was drawn are represented sitting together in a circle and joining in a concert of music. Each of them plays upon such a particular instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and expresses that style and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The famous cupola-painter of those times, to show the grandeur and boldness of his figures, hath a horn in his mouth which he seems to wind with great strength and force. On the contrary, an eminent artist, who wrought up his pictures with the greatest accuracy and gave them all those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eye, is represented as tuning a theorbo. The same kind of humour runs through the whole piece.

I have often, from this hint, imagined to myself that different talents in discourse might be shadowed out after the same

manner by different kinds of music; and that the several conversable parts of mankind in this great city might be cast into proper characters and divisions, as they resemble several instruments that are in use among the masters of harmony. Of these therefore in their order, and first of the *Drum*.

Your *Drums* are the blusterers in conversation that, with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noise, domineer in public assemblies, overbear men of sense, stun their companions, and fill the place they are in with a rattling sound that hath seldom any wit, humour, or good breeding in it. The *Drum* notwithstanding by this boisterous vivacity is very proper to impose upon the ignorant; and in conversation with ladies who are not of the finest taste often passes for a man of mirth and wit and for wonderful pleasant company. I need not observe that the emptiness of the *Drum* very much contributes to its noise.

The *Lute* is a character directly opposite to the *Drum*, that sounds very finely by itself or in a very small concert. Its notes are exquisitely sweet and very low, easily drowned in a multitude of instruments and even lost among a few, unless you give a particular attention to it. A *Lute* is seldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a *Drum* will show itself to advantage in an assembly of five hundred. The *Lutanists* therefore are men of a

fine genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The *Trumpet* is an instrument that has in it no compass of music or variety of sound, but is notwithstanding very agreeable, so long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five notes, which are however very pleasing and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The gentlemen who fall under this denomination are your men of the most fashionable education and refined breeding, who have learned a certain smoothness of discourse and sprightliness of air from the polite company they have kept; but at the same time have shallow parts, weak judgments, and a short reach of understanding. A play-house, a drawing-room, a ball, a visiting-day, or a ring at *Hyde Park* are the few notes they are masters of, which they touch upon in all conversations. The *Trumpet*, however, is a necessary instrument about a Court, and a proper enlivener of a concert, though of no great harmony by itself.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate wits that distinguish themselves by the flourishes of imagination, sharpness of repartee, glances of satire, and bear away the upper part in every concert. I cannot however but observe that when a man is not disposed to hear music there is not a more

disagreeable sound in harmony than that of a *Violin*.

There is another musical instrument which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your *Bass-Viol*, which grumbles in the bottom of the concert and with a surly masculine sound strengthens the harmony and tempers the sweetness of the several instruments that play along with it. The *Bass-Viol* is an instrument of a quite different nature to the *Trumpet*, and may signify men of rough sense and unpolished parts, who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and surly pleasantries, to the no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born Briton to be naturally a *Bass-Viol*.

As for your rural wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of foxes, hounds, horses, quickset-hedges, and six-bar gates, double ditches, and broken necks, I am in doubt whether I should give them a place in the conversable world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of *Hunting Horns*, I shall desire for the future that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the *Bag-pipe* species, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few notes, which are played over and

over with the perpetual humming of a drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious story-tellers, the load and burthen of conversations, that set up for men of importance by knowing secret history and giving an account of transactions, that whether they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify an halfpenny to its instruction or its welfare. Some have observed that the *Northern* parts of this island are more particularly fruitful in *Bag-pipes*.

There are so very few persons who are masters in every kind of conversation and can talk on all subjects, that I don't know whether we should make a distinct species of them; nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective, for the sake of those few who are endowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be *Harpsicords*, a kind of music which everyone knows is a concert by itself.

As for your *Passing-Bells*, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itself and mortifying to human nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabble of mankind that crowd our streets, coffee-houses, feasts, and public tables. I cannot call their discourse conversation, but rather something that is practised in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument it should be by those

modern inventions of the bladder and string, tongs and key, marrow-bone and cleaver.

My reader will doubtless observe that I have only touched here upon male instruments, having reserved my female concert to another occasion. If he has a mind to know where these several characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole Club of *Drums*; not to mention another of *Bag-pipes*, which I have before given some account of in my description of our nightly meetings in *Sheer Lane*. The *Lutes* may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a crystal stream or in the retreats of shady woods and flowery meadows; which for different reasons are likewise the great resort of your *Hunting-Horns*. *Bass-Viols* are frequently to be found over a glass of stale beer and a pipe of tobacco; whereas those who set up for *Violins* seldom fail to make their appearance at *Will's* once every evening. You may meet with a *Trumpet* anywhere on the other side of *Charing Cross*.

That we may draw something for our advantage in life out of the foregoing discourse, I must entreat my reader to make a narrow search into his life and conversation, and upon his leaving any company to examine himself seriously whether he has behaved himself in it like a *Drum* or a *Trumpet*, a *Violin* or a *Bass-Viol*; and accordingly endeavour to mend his music for the future.

For my own part, I must confess I was a *Drum* for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, till having polished myself a little in good company, I threw as much of the *Trumpet* into my conversation as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mixture of different musics I look upon myself, during the course of many years, to have resembled a *Tabor and Pipe*. I have since very much endeavoured at the sweetness of the *Lute*; but in spite of all my resolutions I must confess, with great confusion, that I find myself daily degenerating into a *Bag-pipe*; whether it be the effect of my old age or of the company I keep I know not. All that I can do is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others than to play out of time and incroach upon their parts in the concert by the noise of so tiresome an instrument.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter which I received last night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject and invites me to pass the evening at his house, with a select company of friends, in the following words:

Dear Isaac,

I intend to have a concert at my house this evening, having by great chance got a Harpsicord, which I am sure will entertain

you very agreeably. There will be likewise two Lutes and a Trumpet. Let me beg you to put yourself in tune, and believe me

Your very faithful servant,

Nicholas Humdrum.

FLUTES, KITS, AND VIRGINALS

From my own Apartment,

April 10, 1710.

I WAS last night in an assembly of very fine women. How I came among them is of no great importance to the reader. I shall only let him know that I was betrayed into so good company by the device of an old friend, who had promised to give some of his female acquaintance a sight of Mr. *Bickerstaff*.

Upon hearing my name mentioned, a lady who sat by me told me they had brought together a female concert for my entertainment.

"You must know," says she, "that we all of us look upon ourselves to be musical instruments, though we do not yet know of what kind, which we hope to learn from you, if you will give us leave to play before you."

This was followed by a general laugh, which I always look upon as a necessary flourish in the opening of a female concert. They then struck up together, and played a whole hour upon two grounds, *viz.* the *Trial* and the *Opera*.

I could not but observe that several of their notes were more soft, and several more sharp, than any that ever I heard in a male concert; though I must confess there was not any regard to time, nor any of those rests and pauses which are frequent in the harmony of the other sex. Besides that, the music was generally full, and no particular instrument permitted to play long by itself.

I seemed so very well pleased with what everyone said, and smiled with so much complaisance at all their pretty fancies that though I did not put one word into their discourse, I have the vanity to think they looked upon me as very agreeable company. I then told them that if I were to draw the picture of so many charming musicians, it should be like one I had seen of the Muses, with their several instruments in their hands; upon which the Lady *Kettle-Drum* tossed back her head and cried,

“A very pretty simile!”

The concert again revived; in which, with nods, smiles and approbations, I bore the part rather of one who beats the time, than of a performer.

I was no sooner retired to my lodgings but I ran over in my thoughts the several characters of this fair assembly, which I shall give some account of, because they are various in their kind, and may each of them stand as a sample of a whole species.

The person who pleased me most was a *Flute*, an instrument that, without any great compass, hath something exquisitely sweet and soft in its sound: it lulls and soothes the ear, and fills it with such a gentle kind of melody as keeps the mind awake without startling it, and raises a most agreeable passion between transport and indolence. In short, the music of the flute is the conversation of a mild and amiable woman, that has nothing in it very elevated, or at the same time anything mean or trivial.

I must here observe that the *Hautboy* is the most perfect of the *Flute* species, which, with all the sweetness of the sound, hath a great strength and variety of notes; though at the same time I must observe that the *Hautboy* in one sex is as scarce as the *Harpsicord* in the other.

By the side of the Flute there sat a *Flageolet*; for so I must call a certain young lady who, fancying herself a wit, despised the music of the *Flute* as low and insipid, and would be entertaining the company with tart ill-natured observations, pert fancies, and little turns, which she imagined to be full of life and spirit. The *Flageolet* therefore doth not differ from the *Flute* so much in the compass of its notes as in the shrillness and sharpness of the sound. We must, however, take notice that the *Flageolets* among their own sex are more valued and esteemed than the Flutes.

There chanced to be a coquet in the concert that, with a great many skittish notes, affected squeaks, and studied inconsistencies, distinguished herself from the rest of the company. She did not speak a word during the whole Trial; but I thought she would never have done upon the Opera. One while she would break out upon, *That hideous king!* Then upon the charming Black-moor. Then, *O that dear Lion!* Then would hum over two or three notes; then run to the window to see what coach was coming. The coquet, therefore, I must distinguish by that musical instrument which is commonly known by the name of a *Kit*, that is more jiggish than the fiddle itself, and never sounds but to a dance.

The fourth person who bore a part in the conversation was a prude, who stuck to the Trial and was silent upon the whole Opera. The gravity of her censures and composure of her voice, which were often attended with supercilious casts of the eye and a seeming contempt for the lightness of the conversation, put me in mind of that ancient serious matron-like instrument the *Virginal*.

I must not pass over in silence a Lancashire *Hornpipe*, by which I would signify a young country lady, who with a great deal of mirth and innocence diverted the company very agreeably, and, if I am not mistaken, by that time the wildness of her notes is a little softened and the redundancy of her music restrained by

conversation and good company, will be improved into one of the most amiable *Flutes* about the Town. Your romps and boarding-school girls fall likewise under this denomination.

On the right hand of the *Hornpipe* sat a *Welsh Harp*, an instrument which very much delights in the tunes of old historical ballads, and in celebrating the renowned actions and exploits of ancient British heroes. By this instrument I therefore would describe a certain lady who is one of those female historians that upon all occasions enters into pedigrees and descents, and finds herself related, by some offshoot or other, to almost every great family in England: for which reason she jars and is out of tune very often in conversation, for the company's want of due attention and respect to her.

But the most sonorous part of our concert was a *She-Drum*, or (as the vulgar call it) a *Kettle-Drum*, who accompanied her discourse with motions of the body, tosses of the head, and brandishes of the fan. Her music was loud, bold and masculine. Every thump she gave alarmed the company, and very often set somebody or other in it a-blushing.

The last I shall mention was a certain romantic instrument called a *Dulcimer*, who talked of nothing but shady woods, flowery meadows, purling streams, larks and nightingales, with all the beauties of the

spring and the pleasures of a country-life. This instrument hath a fine melancholy sweetness in it, and goes very well with the *Flute*.

I think most of the conversable part of womankind may be found under one of the foregoing divisions; but it must be confessed that the generality of that sex, notwithstanding they have naturally a great genius for being talkative, are not mistresses of more than one note; with which, however, by frequent repetition, they make a greater sound than those who are possessed of the whole gamut, as may be observed in your *Larums* or household scolds, and in your *Castanets* or impertinent tittle-tattles, who have no other variety in their discourse but that of talking slower or faster.

Upon communicating this scheme of music to an old friend of mine who was formerly a man of gallantry and a rover, he told me that he believed he had been in love with every instrument in my concert.

The first that smit him was a *Hornpipe*, who lived near his father's house in the country; but upon his failing to meet her at an Assize, according to appointment, she cast him off.

His next passion was for a *Kettle-Drum*, whom he fell in love with at a play; but when he became acquainted with her, not finding the softness of her sex in her conversation, he grew cool to her; though

at the same time he could not deny but that she behaved herself very much like a gentlewoman.

His third mistress was a *Dulcimer*, who he found took great delight in sighing and languishing, but would go no further than the preface of matrimony ; so that she would never let a lover have any more of her than her heart, which after having won, he was forced to leave her, as despairing of any further success.

"I must confess," says my friend, "I have often considered her with a great deal of admiration ; and I find her pleasure is so much in this first step of an amour, that her life will pass away in dream, solitude, and soliloquy, till her decay of charms makes her snatch at the worst man that ever pretended to her.

"In the next place," says my friend, "I fell in love with a *Kit*, who led me such a dance through all the varieties of a familiar, cold, fond and indifferent behaviour, that the world began to grow censorious, though without any cause. For which reason, to recover our reputations, we parted by consent.

"To mend my hand," says he, "I made my next application to a *Virginal*, who gave me great encouragement, after her cautious manner, till some malicious companion told her of my long passion for the *Kit*, which made her turn me off as a scandalous fellow.

"At length, in despair (says he) I betook myself to a *Welsh Harp*, who rejected me with contempt after having found that my great-grandmother was a brewer's daughter."

I found by the sequel to my friend's discourse that he had never aspired to a *Hautboy*; that he had been exasperated by a *Flageolet*; and that to this very day, he pines away for a *Flute*.

Upon the whole, having thoroughly considered how absolutely necessary it is that two instruments, which are to play together for life, should be exactly tuned and go in perfect concert with each other, I would propose matches between the music of both sexes according to the following table of marriage.

1. *Drum* and *Kettle-Drum*.
 2. *Lute* and *Flute*.
 3. *Harpsicord* and *Hautboy*.
 4. *Violin* and *Flageolet*.
 5. *Bass-Viol* and *Kit*.
 6. *Trumpet* and *Welsh Harp*.
 7. *Hunting-Horn* and *Hornpipe*.
 8. *Bagpipe* and *Castanet*.
 9. *Passing Bell* and *Virginal*.
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TOM FOLIO

From my own Apartment,

April 12, 1710.

TOM FOLIO is a Broker in Learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men.

There is not a sale of books begins till *Tom Folio* is seen at the door. There is not an auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward in which *Tom* is not privy to the first rough draft of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed that doth not come to him wet from the press.

He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors, knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for *Aldus* and *Elzevir*, than for *Virgil* and *Horace*. If you talk of *Herodotus*, he breaks out into a panegyric upon *Harry Stephens*.

He thinks he gives you an account of an author when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the Editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the Corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter.

This he looks upon to be sound learning and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of style and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they write themselves in the genius and spirit of the author they admire, *Tom* looks upon them as men of superficial learning and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned idiot (for that is the light in which I consider every pedant), when I discovered in him some little touches of the coxcomb which I had not before observed.

Being very full of the figure which he makes in the Republic of Letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations that he did not *believe* in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain author upon a passage of *Virgil's Account of the Dead* which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of *Tom's* pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all

that know how to construe *Virgil* or have any relish of Antiquity.

Not to trouble my reader with it, I found upon the whole that *Tom* did not believe a future state of rewards and punishments, because *Æneas*, at his leaving the Empire of the Dead passed through the Gate of Ivory and not through that of Horn.

Knowing that *Tom* had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that I might avoid wrangling I told him that *Virgil* possibly had his oversights as well as another author.

"Ah! Mr. *Bickerstaff*," says he, "you would have another opinion of him if you would read him in *Daniel Heinsius's* edition. I have perused him myself several times in that edition," continued he; "and after the strictest and most malicious examination, could find but two faults in him: one of them is in the *Æneids*, where there are two commas instead of a parenthesis; and another in the third *Georgic*, where you may find a semicolon turned upside down."

"Perhaps," said I, "these were not *Virgil's* faults but those of the transcriber."

"I do not design it," says *Tom*, "as a reflection on *Virgil*: on the contrary, I know that all the manuscripts *reclaim* against such a punctuation. Oh! Mr. *Bickerstaff*," says he, "what would a man give to see one simile of *Virgil* writ in his own hand?"

I asked him which was the simile he meant; but was answered, "Any simile in

Virgil." He then told me all the secret history in the commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of *Europe*; of many amendments which are made and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars which I would not have my memory burthened with for a *Vatican*.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of *Tom's* class who are professed admirers of *Tasso* without understanding a word of *Italian*: and one in particular that carries a *Pastor Fido* in his pocket, in which I am sure he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearness of the character.

There is another kind of pedant who, with all *Tom Folio's* impertinences, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of *Greek* and *Latin*, and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are Editors, Commentators, Interpreters, Scholiasts and Critics; and, in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in *Greek* than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any

beauty in it, at the time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the Age for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt on the most beautiful poems that have been composed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together to correct, publish and expound such trifles of Antiquity as a modern author would be contemned for.

Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write volumes upon an idle sonnet that is originally in *Greek* or *Latin*; give editions of the most immoral authors, and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them is that their works sufficiently show they have no taste of their authors; and that what they do in this kind is out of their great learning and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of *Boileau*, with which I shall conclude his character.

*Un pedant envvré de sa vaine science,
Tout herissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
Et qui de mille Auteurs retenus mot per mot,
Dans sa tête entassez n'a souvent fait qu'un
sot,
Croit qu'un livre fait tout, & que sans
Aristote
La raison ne voit goutte, & le bon sens radote.*

DR. YOUNG

*From my own Apartment,
September 18, 1710.*

IT is one of the designs of this paper to transmit to posterity an account of everything that is monstrous in my own times. For this reason I shall here publish to the world the life of a person who was neither man nor woman, as written by one of my ingenious correspondents, who seems to have imitated *Plutarch* in that multifarious erudition and those occasional dissertations which he has wrought into the body of his history.

The life I am putting out is that of *Margery*, alias *John Young*, commonly known by the name of *Dr. Young*, who (as the Town very well knows) was a woman that practised physic in man's clothes, and after having had two wives and several children, died about a month since.

"SIR,

"I here make bold to trouble you with a short account of the famous *Dr. Young's* life, which you may call (if you please) a second part of the farce of the *Sham Doctor*. This perhaps will not seem so strange to

you, who (if I am not mistaken) have somewhere mentioned with honour your sister *Kirleus* as a practitioner both in physic and astrology. But in the common opinion of mankind, a she-quack is altogether as strange and astonishing a creature as the Centaur that practised physic in the days of *Achilles*, or as King *Phys* in '*The Rehearsal*.'

"*Æsculapius*, the great founder of your art, was particularly famous for his beard, as we may conclude from the behaviour of a tyrant who is branded by heathen historians as guilty both of sacrilege and blasphemy, having robbed the statue of *Æsculapius* of a thick bushy golden beard and then alleged for his excuse *that it was a shame the son should have a beard when his father Apollo had none*.

"This latter instance indeed seems something to favour a female professor, since (as I have been told) the ancient statues of *Apollo* are generally made with the head and face of a woman: nay, I have been credibly informed by those who have seen them both, that the famous *Apollo* in the *Belvidera* did very much resemble Dr. *Young*.

"Let that be as it will, the doctor was a kind of Amazon in physic that made as great devastations and slaughters as any of our chief heroes in the art, and was as fatal to the English in these our days as the

famous *Joan d'Arc* was in those of our forefathers.

"I do not find anything remarkable in the life I am about to write till the year 1695, at which time the doctor, being about twenty-three years old, was brought to bed of a bastard child. The scandal of such a misfortune gave so great uneasiness to pretty Mrs. *Peggy* (for that was the name by which the doctor was then called) that she left her family and followed her lover to *London*, with a fixed resolution some way or other to recover her lost reputation.

"But instead of changing her life, which one would have expected from so good a disposition of mind, she took it in her head to change her sex. This was soon done by the help of a sword and a pair of breeches. I have reason to believe that her first design was to turn man-midwife, having herself had some experience in those affairs; but thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune she at length bought her a gold button coat and set up for a physician. Thus we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth made Mrs. *Young* a doctor, that formerly made one of the same sex a Pope.

"The doctor succeeded very well in his business at first, but very often met with accidents that disquieted him. As he wanted that deep magisterial voice which gives authority to a prescription, and is absolutely necessary for the right pronouncing of these

words *Take these pills*, he unfortunately got the nickname of *the Squeaking Doctor*.

"If this circumstance alarmed the doctor there was another which gave him no small disquiet and very much diminished his gains. In short he found himself run down as a superficial prating quack in all families that had at the head of them a cautious father or a jealous husband. These would often complain among one another that they did not like such a smock-faced physician; though in truth had they known how justly he deserved that name they would rather have favoured his practice, than have apprehended anything from it.

"Such were the motives that determined Mrs. *Young* to change her condition and take in marriage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her in good reputation and made her the father of a very pretty girl. But this part of her happiness was soon after destroyed by a distemper which was too hard for our physician, and carried off his first wife.

"The doctor had not been a widow long, before he married his second lady, with whom also he lived in very good understanding. It so happened that the doctor was with child at the same time that his lady was; but the little ones coming both together they passed for twins. The doctor having entirely established the reputation of his manhood, especially by the birth of the boy of whom he had been lately delivered,

and who very much resembles him, grew into good business. The florid blooming look, which gave the doctor some uneasiness at first, instead of betraying his person only recommended his physic. For this reason *Hippocrates* lays it down as a rule, that a student in physic should have a sound constitution and a healthy look; which indeed seem as necessary qualifications for a physician as a good life and virtuous behaviour for a divine.

“But to return to our subject. About two years ago the doctor was very much afflicted with the vapours, which grew upon him to such a degree that about six weeks since they made an end of him. His death discovered the disguise he had acted under, and brought him back again to his former sex. It is said that at his burial the pall was held up by six women of some fashion. The doctor left behind him a widow and two fatherless children (if they may be called so), besides the little boy before mentioned. In relation to whom we may say of the doctor, as the good old ballad about *The Children in the Wood* says of the unnatural uncle, that he was father and mother both in one.

“These are all the circumstances that I could learn of Doctor *Young's* life, which might have given occasion to many obscene fictions. But as I know those would never have gained a place in your paper, I have not troubled you with any impertinence of

that nature, having stuck to the truth very scrupulously, as I always do when I subscribe myself,

“SIR,
“Your, etc.”

THE SHILLING

From my own Apartment,

November 10, 1710.

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon.

Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox: that it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life, than a life of business.

Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the Age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions.

In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table,

"I defy," says he, "any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelve-penny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life."

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after

I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable *reverie*, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methoughts the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound gave me the following account of his life and adventures.

“I was born,” says he, “on the side of a mountain, near a little village of *Peru*, and made a voyage to *England* in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir *Francis Drake*. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my *Indian* habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the *British* mode, with the face of Queen *Elizabeth* on one side, and the Arms of the country on the other.

“Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all the parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation.

“But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and

counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening.

“After an imprisonment of several years we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This we found was the old man’s heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release: he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not. As for myself, I was sent to the apothecary’s shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to a herb woman, the herb woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a Nonconformist preacher.

“After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templer at a Twelve-penny Ordinary, or carry him with three friends to *Westminster Hall*.

“In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying that while she kept a Queen *Elizabeth’s* shilling about her she should never be without money. I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till

at last I was exchanged for eight and forty farthings.

"I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginning of the Civil Wars, when (to my shame be it spoken) I was employed in raising soldiers against the King: for being of a very tempting breadth, a Serjeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the Parliament.

"As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to take a shilling of a more homely figure, and then practice the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the Crown, till my officer chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a milkmaid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her sweetheart, applying more properly than she intended the usual form of, *To my love and from my love*. This ungenerous gallant marrying her within few days after, pawned me for a dram of brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat with a hammer, and again set a-running.

"After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the Will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving the Will; but opening it, he found himself

disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand and cursed me he squirmed me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless during the usurpation of *Oliver Cromwell*.

"About a year after the King's return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me and drank the King's health. When I came again into the world I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably by that means escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.

"Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good

luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

"I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me underground, and, with an unmerciful pair of shears, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring, and in short, so spoiled and pillaged me that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown my head had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly.

"In the midst of this general calamity, when everybody thought our misfortune irretrievable and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before.

"What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the meantime, I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was so

taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the *British* language, entituled from me *The Splendid Shilling*. The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings."

DINNERTIME

From my own Apartment,

December 13, 1710.

AN old friend of mine being lately come to Town I went to see him on Tuesday last about eight a-clock in the evening, with a design to sit with him an hour or two and talk over old stories; but upon enquiring after him, his servant told me he was just gone to bed. The next morning, as soon as I was up and dressed and had dispatched a little business, I came again to my friend's house about eleven a-clock, with a design to renew my visit; but upon asking for him, his servant told me he was just sat down to dinner. In short, I found that my old-fashioned friend religiously adhered to the example of his forefathers, and observed the same hours that had been kept in the family ever since the Conquest.

It is very plain that the night was much longer formerly in this island than it is at present. By the night I mean that portion of time which Nature has thrown into darkness and which the wisdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to rest and silence. This used to begin at eight a-clock in the even-

ing, and conclude at six in the morning. The curfew, or eight a-clock bell, was the signal throughout the nation for putting out their candles and going to bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to sit up the last in the family, were all of them fast asleep at the same hours that their daughters are busy at crimp and basset. Modern statesmen are concerting schemes, and engaged in the depth of politics, at the time when their forefathers were laid down quietly to rest and had nothing in their heads but dreams.

As we have thus thrown business and pleasure into the hours of rest, and by that means made the natural night but half as long as it should be, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning; so that near two-thirds of the nation lie fast asleep for several hours in broad daylight. This irregularity is grown so very fashionable at present, that there is scarce a lady of quality in Great Britain that ever saw the sun rise. And if the humour increases in proportion to what it has done of late years, it is not impossible but our children may hear the Bellman going about the streets at nine a-clock in the morning, and the Watch making their rounds till eleven.

This unaccountable disposition in mankind to continue awake in the night, and sleep in the sunshine, has made me enquire whether the same change of inclination has happened to any other animals? For this

reason I desired a friend of mine in the country to let me know whether the lark rises as early as he did formerly? And whether the cock begins to crow at his usual hour? My friend has answered me that his poultry are as regular as ever, and that all the birds and the beasts of his neighbourhood keep the same hours that they have observed in the memory of man; and the same which, in all probability, they have kept for these five thousand years.

If you would see the innovations that have been made among us in this particular, you may only look into the hours of colleges, where they still dine at eleven and sup at six, which were doubtless the hours of the whole nation at the time when those places were founded. But at present the Courts of Justice are scarce opened in *Westminster Hall* at the time when *William Rufus* used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward: the landmarks of our fathers (if I may so call them) are removed and planted further up into the day; insomuch that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged (if they expect full congregations) not to look any more upon ten a-clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my own memory the dinner has crept by degrees from twelve a-clock to three, and where it will fix nobody knows.

I have sometimes thought to draw up a memorial in the behalf of Supper against Dinner, setting forth: that the said Dinner

has made several encroachments upon the said Supper and entered very far upon his frontiers; that he has banished him out of several families and in all has driven him from his headquarters and forced him to make his retreat into the hours of midnight; and, in short, that he is now in danger of being entirely confounded and lost in a Breakfast.

If dinner has been thus postponed, or (if you please) kept back from time to time, you may be sure that it has been in compliance with the other business of the day, and that supper has still observed a proportionable distance. There is a venerable proverb, which we have all of us heard in our infancy, of *putting the children to bed, and laying the goose to the fire*. This was one of the jocular sayings of our forefathers, but may be properly used in the literal sense at present.

Who would not wonder at this perverted relish of those who are reckoned the most polite part of mankind, that prefer sea-coals and candles to the sun, and exchange so many cheerful morning hours for the pleasures of midnight revels and debauches? If a man was only to consult his health, he would choose to live his whole time (if possible) in daylight, and to retire out of the world into silence and sleep, while the raw damps and unwholesome vapours fly abroad without a sun to disperse, moderate, or control them.

For my own part, I value an hour in the morning as much as common libertines do an hour at midnight. The mind in these early seasons of the day is so refreshed in all its faculties and borne up with such new supplies of animal spirits, that she finds herself in a state of youth, especially when she is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other sweets of Nature that are peculiar to the morning.

It is impossible for a man to have this relish of being, this exquisite taste of life, who does not come into the world before it is in all its noise and hurry; who loses the rising of the sun, the still hours of the day, and immediately upon his first getting up plunges himself into the ordinary cares or follies of the world.

BEEF AND KICKSHAWS

From my own Apartment,

*March 20, 1709.**

HAVING intimated in my last paper that I design to take under my inspection the diet of this great city, I shall begin with a very earnest and serious exhortation to all my well-disposed readers that they would return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to beef and mutton.

This was the diet which bred that hardy race of mortals who won the fields of *Cressy* and *Agincourt*. I need not go up so high as the history of *Guy* Earl of *Warwick*, who is well known to have eaten up a dun-cow of his own killing. The renowned King *Arthur* is generally looked upon as the first who ever sat down to a whole roasted ox (which was certainly the best way to preserve the gravy); and it is further added that he and his knights sat about it at his Round Table, and usually consumed it to the very bones before they would enter upon any debate of moment.

The Black Prince was a professed lover of the brisket; not to mention the history of

* *Old Style; i.e., really 1710.*

the sirloin or the Institution of the Order of Beef-Eaters, which are all so many evident and undeniable marks of the great respect which our warlike predecessors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot roast beef; and I am credibly informed by an antiquary who has searched the registers in which the bills of fare of the Court are recorded, that instead of tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the Maids of Honour in Queen *Elizabeth's* time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast.

Mutton has likewise been in great repute among our valiant countrymen, but was formerly observed to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites than those of strong and robust constitutions. For which reason even to this day we use the word Sheep-Biter as a term of reproach, as we do Beef-Eater in a respectful and honourable sense.

As for the flesh of lamb, veal, chicken, and other animals under age, they were the invention of sickly and degenerate palates, according to that wholesome remark of *Daniel* the historian, who takes notice that in all taxes upon provisions, during the reigns of several of our Kings, there is nothing mentioned besides the flesh of such fowl and cattle as were arrived at their full growth and were mature for slaughter.

The common people of this kingdom do still keep up the taste of their ancestors; and it is to this that we in a great measure owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: for I would desire my reader to consider what work our countrymen would have made at *Blenheim* and *Ramillies* if they had been fed with fricacies and ragousts.

For this reason we at present see the florid complexion, the strong limb, and the hale constitution are to be found chiefly among the meaner sort of people, or in the wild gentry, who have been educated among the woods or mountains. Whereas many great families are insensibly fallen off from the athletic constitution of their progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, sickly, spindle-legged generation of valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but I must confess I am apt to impute the dishonours that sometimes happen in great families to the inflaming kind of diet which is so much in fashion. Many dishes can excite desire without giving strength and heat the body without nourishing it; as physicians observe that the poorest and most dispirited blood is most subject to fevers. I look upon a *French* ragoust to be as pernicious to the stomach as a glass of spirits; and when I have seen a young lady swallow all the instigations of high soups, seasoned sauces, and forced

meats, I have wondered at the despair or tedious sighing of her lovers.

The rules among these false delicates are to be as contradictory as they can be to Nature. Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for an appetite, and prepare dishes not to allay but to excite it. They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without some disguise. They are to eat everything before it comes in season, and to leave it off as soon as it is good to be eaten. They are not to approve anything that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their senses but what would offend those of their inferiors.

I remember I was last Summer invited to a friend's house, who is a great admirer of the *French* cookery and (as the phrase is) *eats well*. At our sitting down I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown dishes. I was mightily at a loss to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help myself. That which stood before me I took to be a roasted porcupine, however did not care for asking questions; and have since been informed that it was only a larded turkey. I afterwards passed my eye over several hashes which I do not know the names of to this day; and hearing that they were delicacies did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other dainties I saw something like a pheasant, and therefore desired to be helped to a wing of it; but to my surprise my friend told me it was a rabbit, which is a sort of meat I never cared for. At last I discovered, with some joy, a pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the gentleman of the house said, with great civility, "I am sure you will like the pig, for it was whipped to death." I must confess I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an animal that had died so tragical a death.

I was now in great hunger and confusion, when, methought, I smelled the agreeable savour of roast beef, but could not tell from which dish it arose, though I did not question but it lay disguised in one of them. Upon turning my head I saw a noble sirloin on the side table, smoking in the most delicious manner. I had recourse to it more than once, and could not see without some indignation that substantial *English* dish banished in so ignominious a manner to make way for *French* kickshaws.

The dessert was brought up at last, which in truth was as extraordinary as anything that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful Winter piece. There were several pyramids of candied sweetmeats that hung like icicles, with fruits scattered up and down and hid in an artificial kind of

frost. At the same time there were great quantities of cream beaten up into a snow, and near them little plates of sugar-plums, disposed like so many heaps of hailstones, with a multitude of congelations in jellies of various colours.

I was indeed so pleased with the several objects which lay before me that I did not care for displacing any of them, and was half angry with the rest of the company that for the sake of a piece of lemon-peel or a sugar-plum would spoil so pleasing a picture. Indeed, I could not but smile to see several of them cooling their mouths with lumps of ice, which they had just before been burning with salts and peppers.

As soon as this show was over I took my leave, that I might finish my dinner at my own house: for as I in everything love what is simple and natural so particularly in my food; two plain dishes with two or three good-natured, cheerful, ingenious friends would make me more pleased and vain than all that pomp and luxury can bestow. For it is my maxim that he keeps the greatest table who has the most valuable company at it.

CHANTICLEER

Sheer Lane,

*February 15, 1709.**

I WAS awakened very early this morning by the distant crowing of a cock, which I thought had the finest pipe I ever heard. He seemed to me to strain his voice more than ordinary, as if he designed to make himself heard to the remotest corner of this lane.

Having entertained myself a little before I went to bed with a discourse on the transmigration of men into other animals, I could not but fancy that this was the soul of some drowsy Bellman who used to sleep upon his post, for which he was condemned to do penance in feathers, and distinguish the several Watches of the night under the outside of a cock.

While I was thinking of the condition of this poor Bellman in masquerade, I heard a great knocking at my door, and was soon after told by my maid that my worthy friend the tall black gentleman, who frequents the coffee-houses hereabouts, desired to speak with me. This ancient *Pythagorean*, who

* *Old Style*; i.e., really 1710.

has as much honesty as any man living but good nature to an excess, brought me the following petition, which I am apt to believe he penned himself, the petitioner not being able to express his mind in paper under his present form, however famous he might have been for writing verses when he was in his original shape.

*To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., Censor of
Great Britain.*

The humble Petition of *Job Chanticleer*, in
behalf of himself and many other poor
sufferers in the same condition,

Sheweth,

That whereas your Petitioner is truly descended of the ancient family of the *Chanticleers* at *Cock Hall* near *Rumford* in *Essex*, it has been his misfortune to come into the mercenary hands of a certain ill-disposed person, commonly called a Higler, who, under the close confinement of a pannier, has conveyed him and many others up to *London*; but hearing by chance of your Worship's great humanity towards robin-redbreasts and tom-tits, he is emboldened to beseech you to take his deplorable condition into your tender consideration, who otherwise must suffer (with many thousands more as innocent as himself) that inhuman barbarity of a *Shrove Tuesday* persecution. We humbly hope

that our courage and vigilance may plead for us on this occasion.

Your poor petitioner most earnestly implores your immediate protection from the insolence of the rabble, the batteries of catsticks, and a painful lingering death.

And your Petitioner, etc.

From my Coop in Clare Market,
Feb. 13, 1709.

Upon delivery of this petition the worthy gentleman who presented it told me the customs of many wise nations of the *East* through which he travelled; that nothing was more frequent than to see a Dervish lay out a whole year's income in the redemption of larks or linnets that had unhappily fallen into the hands of bird-catchers: that it was also usual to run between a dog and a bull to keep them from hurting one another, or to lose the use of a limb in parting a couple of furious mastiffs.

He then insisted upon the ingratitude and disingenuity of treating in this manner a necessary and domestic animal, that has made the whole house keep good hours and call up the cook-maid for five years together. What would a *Turk* say, continued he, should he hear that it is a common entertainment in a nation which pretends to be one of the most civilised of *Europe*, to tie an innocent animal to a stake

and put him to an ignominious death, who has perhaps been the guardian and provider of a poor family as long as he was able to get eggs for his mistress?

I thought what this gentleman said was very reasonable; and have often wondered that we do not lay aside a custom which makes us appear barbarous to nations much more rude and unpolished than ourselves. Some *French* writers have represented this diversion of the common people much to our disadvantage, and imputed it to natural fierceness and cruelty of temper; as they do some other entertainments peculiar to our nation: I mean those elegant diversions of bull-baiting and prize-fighting, with the like ingenious recreations of the bear-garden. I wish I knew how to answer this reproach which is cast upon us, and excuse the death of so many innocent cocks, bulls, dogs and bears as have been set together by the ears or died untimely deaths, only to make us sport.

It will be said that these are the entertainments of common people. It is true; but they are the entertainments of no other common people. Besides, I am afraid there is a tincture of the same savage spirit in the diversions of those of higher rank and more refined relish. *Rapin* observes that the *English* theatre very much delights in bloodshed, which he likewise represents as an indication of our tempers. I must own there is something very horrid in the

public executions of an *English* tragedy. Stabbing and poisoning, which are performed behind the scenes in other nations, must be done openly among us, to gratify the audience.

When poor *Sandford* was upon the stage I have seen him groaning upon a wheel, stuck with daggers, impaled alive, calling his executioners, with a dying voice, cruel dogs and villains! And all this to please his judicious spectators, who were wonderfully delighted with seeing a man in torment so well acted.

The truth of it is the politeness of our *English* stage in regard to *decorum* is very extraordinary. We act murders to show our intrepidity, and adulteries to show our gallantry. Both of them are frequent in our most taking plays, with this difference only, that the first are done in the sight of the audience, and the other wrought up to such an height upon the stage that they are almost put in execution before the actors can get behind the scenes.

I would not have it thought that there is just ground for those consequences which our enemies draw against us from these practices; but methinks one would be sorry for any manner of occasion for such misrepresentations of us. The virtues of tenderness, compassion, and humanity are those by which men are distinguished from brutes, as much as by reason itself; and it would be the greatest reproach to a nation

to distinguish itself from all others by any defect in these particular virtues.

For which reasons, I hope that my dear countrymen will no longer expose themselves by an effusion of blood, whether it be of theatrical heroes, cocks, or any other innocent animals, which we are not obliged to slaughter for our safety, convenience or nourishment. Where any of these ends are not served in the destruction of a living creature, I cannot but pronounce it a great piece of cruelty, if not a kind of murder.

THE LOTTERY

From my own Apartment,

*January 23, 1709.**

I WENT on Saturday last to make a visit in the city; and as I passed through *Cheapside* I saw crowds of people turning down towards the *Bank*, and struggling who should first get their money into the new-erected Lottery.

It gave me a great notion of the credit of our present Government and Administration to find people press as eagerly to pay money as they would to receive it; and at the same time a due respect for that body of men who have found out so pleasing an expedient for carrying on the common cause that they have turned a tax into a diversion.

The cheerfulness of spirit and the hopes of success which this project has occasioned in this great city lightens the burden of the war and puts me in mind of some games which they say were invented by wise men, who were lovers of their country, to make their fellow-citizens undergo the tediousness and fatigues of a long siege.

I think there is a kind of homage due to Fortune (if I may call it so), and that I

* *Old Style*; i.e., really 1710.

should be wanting to myself if I did not lay in my pretences to her favour and pay my compliments to her by recommending a ticket to her disposal. For this reason, upon my return to my lodgings I sold off a couple of globes and a telescope, which, with the cash I had by me, raised the sum that was requisite for that purpose.

I find by my calculations that it is but an hundred and fifty thousand to one against my being worth a thousand pounds *per annum* for thirty-two years; and if any Plum in the city will lay me an hundred and fifty thousand pounds to twenty shillings (which is an even bet) that I am not this fortunate man, I will take this wager and shall look upon him as a man of singular courage and fair-dealing, having given orders to Mr. *Morphew* to subscribe such a policy in my behalf, if any person accepts of the offer. I must confess I have had such private intimations from the twinkling of a certain star in some of my astronomical observations, that I should be unwilling to take fifty pounds a year for my chance, unless it were to oblige a particular friend.

My chief business at present is to prepare my mind for this change of fortune: for, as *Seneca*, who was a greater moralist and a much richer man than I shall be with this addition to my present income, says, "*Munera ista fortunæ putatis? Insidiæ sunt.*" *What we look upon as gifts and*

presents of Fortune, are traps and snares which she lays for the unwary.

I am arming myself against her favours with all my philosophy; and that I may not lose myself in such a redundancy of unnecessary and superfluous wealth, I have determined to settle an annual pension out of it upon a family of *Palatines*, and by that means give these unhappy strangers a taste of *British* property. At the same time, as I have an excellent servant-maid whose diligence in attending me has increased in proportion to my infirmities, I shall settle upon her the revenue arising out of the ten pounds, and amounting to fourteen shillings *per annum*, with which she may retire into *Wales*, where she was born a gentlewoman, and pass the remaining part of her days in a condition suitable to her birth and quality.

It was impossible for me to make an inspection into my own fortune on this occasion without seeing at the same time the fate of others who are embarked in the same adventure. And indeed it was a great pleasure to me to observe that the war, which generally impoverishes those who furnish out the expense of it, will by this means give estates to some without making others the poorer for it.

I have lately seen several in liveries who will give as good* of their own very

* Supply "liveries."

suddenly ; and took a particular satisfaction in the sight of a young country wench whom I this morning passed by as she was whirling her mop, with her petticoats tucked up very agreeably, who, if there is any truth in my art, is within ten months of being the handsomest great fortune in Town. I must confess I was so struck with the foresight of what she is to be that I treated her accordingly, and said to her, " Pray, young lady, permit me to pass by."

I would for this reason advise all masters and mistresses to carry it with great moderation and condescension towards their servants till next *Michaelmas*, lest the superiority at that time should be inverted. I must likewise admonish all my brethren and fellow-adventurers to fill their minds with proper arguments for their support and consolation in case of ill success. It so happens in this particular that though the gainers will have no reason to rejoice, the losers will have no reason to complain.

I remember the day after the thousand pound prize was drawn in the Penny Lottery I went to visit a splenetic acquaintance of mine who was under much dejection and seemed to me to have suffered some great disappointment. Upon enquiry I found he had put two pence for himself and his son into the Lottery and that neither of them had drawn the thousand pound. Hereupon this unlucky person took occasion to enumerate the misfortunes of his life, and

concluded with telling me that he never was successful in any of his undertakings. I was forced to comfort him with the common reflection upon such occasions that men of the greatest merit are not always men of the greatest success, and that persons of his character must not expect to be as happy as fools.

I shall proceed in the like manner with my rivals and competitors for the thousand pounds a year which we are now in pursuit of; and that I may give general content to the whole body of candidates, I shall allow all that draw prizes to be fortunate, and all that miss them to be wise.

I must not here omit to acknowledge that I have received several letters upon this subject, but find one common error running through them all, which is, that the writers of them believe their fate in these cases depends upon the astrologer and not upon the stars, as in the following letter from one, who, I fear, flatters himself with hopes of success which are altogether groundless, since he does not seem to me so great a fool as he takes himself to be.

“SIR,

Coming to Town and finding my friend Mr. Partridge dead and buried, and you the only conjurer in repute, I am under a necessity of applying myself to you for a favour, which nevertheless I confess it would better become a friend to ask than

one who is, as I am, altogether a stranger to you ; but poverty, you know, is impudent ; and as that gives me the occasion, so that alone could give me the confidence to be thus importunate.

I am, Sir, very poor, and very desirous to be otherwise : I have got ten pounds, which I design to venture in the Lottery now on foot. What I desire of you is that by your art you will choose such a ticket for me as shall arise a benefit sufficient to maintain me. I must beg leave to inform you that I am good for nothing, and must therefore insist upon a larger lot than would satisfy those who are capable by their own abilities of adding something to what you should assign them ; whereas I must expect an absolute independent maintenance, because, as I said, I can do nothing.

'Tis possible after this free confession of mine you may think I don't deserve to be rich ; but I hope you'll likewise observe I can ill afford to be poor. My own opinion is that I am well qualified for an estate, and have a good title to luck in a Lottery ; but I resign myself wholly to your mercy, not without hopes that you will consider, the less I deserve the greater the generosity in you. If you reject me, I have agreed with an acquaintance of mine to bury me for my ten pounds. I once more recommend myself to your favour, and bid you *Adieu.*"

THE VIRTUOSO

From my own Apartment,

August 25, 1710.

NATURE is full of wonders; every atom is a standing miracle and endowed with such qualities as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason I would not discourage any searches that are made into the most minute and trivial parts of the creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius to be wholly conversant among insects, reptiles, animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a *Virtuoso*.

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the sex of a cockle or describe the generation of a mite in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world that they scarce know a horse from an ox; but at the same time will tell you with a great deal of gravity that a flea is a rhinoceros and a snail an hermaphrodite. I have known one of

these whimsical Philosophers, who has set a greater value upon a collection of spiders than he would upon a flock of sheep, and has sold his coat off his back to purchase a tarantula.

I would not have a scholar wholly unacquainted with these secrets and curiosities of Nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much higher contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the world, and to make us serious upon trifles; by which means they expose philosophy to the ridicule of the witty and contempt of the ignorant. In short, studies of this nature should be the diversions, relaxations, and amusements; not the care, business, and concern of life.

It is indeed wonderful to consider that there should be a sort of learned men who are wholly employed in gathering together the refuse of Nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their chests and cabinets such creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how to mention some of the most precious parts of their treasure without a kind of an apology for it. I have been shown a beetle valued at twenty crowns, and a toad at an hundred. But we must take this for a general rule: that whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common notions of the

world, looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a *Virtuoso*.

To show this humour in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the legacy of a certain *Virtuoso*, who laid out a considerable estate in natural rarities and curiosities, which upon his death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends in the following words:

I, *Nicholas Gimcrack*, being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do by this my last Will and Testament bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following:

Imprimis, To my dear Wife,
 One Box of Butterflies,
 One Drawer of Shells,
 A Female Skeleton,
 A Dried Cockatrice.

Item, To my daughter *Elizabeth*,
 My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars.
 As also my preparations of Winter
Maydew, and Embryo-Pickle.

Item, To my little daughter *Fanny*,
 Three Crocodile's Eggs.

And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent,
 The Nest of an Humming-Bird.

Item, To my eldest Brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has vested in my son *Charles*, I bequeath

My last year's Collection of Grass-hoppers.

Item, To his daughter *Susanna*, being his only child, I bequeath my

English Weeds pasted on royal paper,
With my large folio of *Indian Cabbage*.

Having fully provided for my nephew *Isaac*, my making over to him some years since

A horned *Scarabæus*,

The Skin of a Rattlesnake, and

The Mummy of an *Egyptian King*,

I make no further provision for him in this my Will.

My eldest son *John*, having spoke disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son *Charles* I give and bequeath all my Flowers, Plants, Minerals, Mosses, Shells, Pebbles, Fossils, Beetles, Butterflies, Caterpillars, Grasshoppers and Vermin, not above specified: as also all my Monsters, both wet and dry; making the

said *Charles* whole and sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament, he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other Wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

THE END.

PASSAGES TO BE NOTED

PR

Toasts, rakes and cits

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